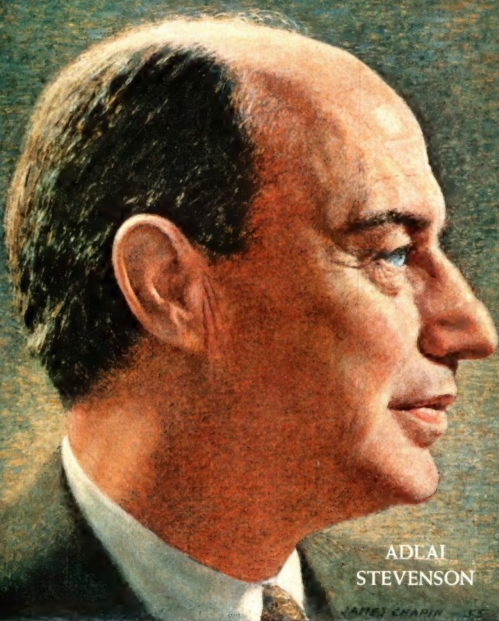


TWENTY CENTS

JULY 16, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ADLAI
STEVENSON

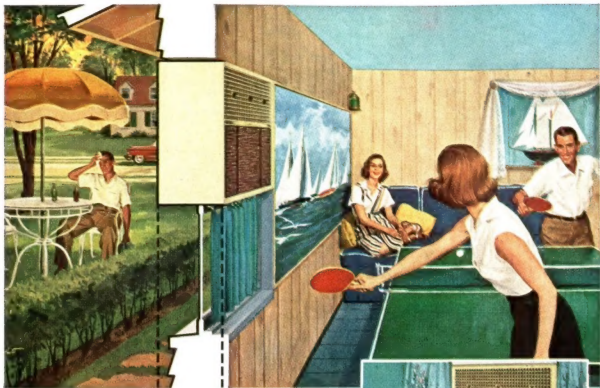
JAMES CHAPIN - U.S.

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

VOL. LXVIII NO. 3

All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up $\frac{1}{3}$ less space!



G-E Thinline is **16 1/2 inches "thin"...**
no unsightly overhang!

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The amazing new Thinline gives you top performance, yet actually takes up one third less space than previous corresponding models.

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You have your choice of many different comfort conditions at a flick of the finger. Your days and nights can be comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer for a demonstration today.

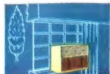
General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky. Most models available in Canada.



With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



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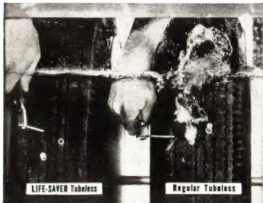
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Enjoy the extra protection of B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless. A patented inner liner in LIFE-SAVERS changes bruise-blowouts to s-s-slowouts. Grip-block treads defy skids. Unlike regular tubeless, LIFE-SAVERS

seal punctures *permanently*. They are backed by 8 years of use and proof that only the Inventor of Tubeless, B.F. Goodrich, can offer.

For utmost safety, get Nylon-Plus LIFE-SAVERS

They give the added protection of nylon against bruising impacts.

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Highly visible at night to protect you. Adhesive-backed to stick on trunk or bumper. Help promote safety, join the League at your B.F. Goodrich retailer's!



VACATION TIRE SALE NOW ON: Get highest trades while it lasts! Terms as low as \$1⁰⁰ DOWN at most retailers

**AIR-CONDITIONED
BUSINESS SUIT
FOR SPACE MEN!**

RIPLEY'S



NAVY PILOTS IN PRESSURIZED PLANES ARE FLYING EVER HIGHER... IN AIR SO THIN LOSS OF COCKPIT PRESSURE IS INSTANTLY FATAL. FOR FULL PROTECTION THEY NOW DEPEND ON A NEW-TYPE SPACE SUIT. SO AIRTIGHT IS THIS SUIT IT MUST BE "AIR-CONDITIONED" OR IT WOULD BE TOO HOT TO WEAR. A COOLING UNIT, SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY **B-W'S PESCO**, DOES THE JOB... COOLS AND PUMPS AIR INTO THE SUIT IN A MEASURED FLOW. IT PERMITS THE SUIT TO SEAL AUTOMATICALLY IF COCKPIT PRESSURE FAILS, ENABLING THE PILOT TO REACH SAFE LOWER ALTITUDES.



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IN A SPECIAL ROOM WITH THICK PADDED WALLS THAT SHUT OUT SOUND, **B-W NORGE** FREEZERS ARE TESTED FOR QUIET OPERATION. HERE, IN DEAD SILENCE FEW PEOPLE CAN STAND, SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS ARE USED TO LISTEN FOR NOISES BEYOND HUMAN HEARING. PASSING THIS QUIET TEST INDICATES THE FREEZER'S COLD-MAKING UNIT IS WORKING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY TO KEEP FOOD PROPERLY FROZEN.



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THIS EARLY FRANKLIN BATHTUB HAD A FIREBOX UNDER THE SEAT FOR HEATING THE WATER. TREACHEROUS, CLUMSY, HARD TO CLEAN, IT WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE BATHTUBS PRODUCED TODAY BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL PRODUCTS**. MADE LIGHT WEIGHT OF RIGID STEEL, THESE MODERN TUBS ARE EASILY INSTALLED. THEIR FLINT-HARD PORCELAIN FINISH DEFIES CHIPPING, AND EVEN AFTER YEARS OF USE THE FINISH REMAINS GLOSSY, EASY TO CLEAN.

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IN ALL ARE MADE BY BORG-WARNER**

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PRODUCTION

T.M.

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SEA-GOING SCRUB BRUSH TAKES OVER FOR 18 SAILORS!

ABOARD AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, THIS UNUSUAL MACHINE CLEANS HANGER DECKS FASTER AND BETTER THAN A DETAIL OF MEN WITHOUT SOAP OR WATER! A POWERFUL

WHIRLING BRUSH SCRUBS OFF GRIME, OIL, RUST, AND SUCKS IT UP. THE MACHINE'S "INSPECTION-PROOF" WORK DEPENDS IMPORTANTLY ON A 4-SPEED TRANSMISSION FROM B-W'S WARNER GEAR TO ADJUST SCRUBBING SPEED AND INTENSITY TO DECK CONDITIONS.

SPEED LIMIT IS MILES PER HOUR
 英里每小时限速

MOTORISTS BEHEADED FOR SPEEDING!

AS RECENTLY AS 1927, DRIVERS WHO EXCEEDED THE SPEED LIMIT IN PEIPING, CHINA, WERE EXECUTED AND THEIR HEADS EXHIBITED AS A WARNING TO OTHERS. THE AMERICAN DRIVER WON'T LOSE HIS HEAD, BUT HE OFTEN FAILS TO USE IT. IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS THAT KILL 38 THOUSAND YEARLY, SPEEDING IS THE MOST FREQUENT VIOLATION. HELP THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL STOP THIS SLAUGHTER. OBEY THE LAWS. USE YOUR HEAD...DRIVE CAREFULLY.

SHOWING A TRUCK HOW TO TOSS ELEPHANTS UP ON ITS SHOULDERS!

EVEN AN ELEPHANT IS EASY HANDLING FOR TRUCKS EQUIPPED WITH THIS SELF-LOADING DEVICE CALLED THE **LOAD LUGGER***. IN MERE SECONDS THE HYDRAULIC ARMS CAN LIFT ABOARD UP TO 9 TONS. MADE BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL-KALAMAZOO**, THE LOAD LUGGER HANDLES ALL TYPES OF MATERIALS: SPECIAL "CONTAINER" BODIES* THAT LIFT ON AND OFF LET TRUCKS HAUL WHILE THE NEXT LOAD IS BEING READED. THIS SPEEDS WORK, CUTS COSTS.



* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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On the Gold Coast...

THE HOTELS

Ambassador

NORTH STATE PARKWAY AT GOETHE
TELEPHONE: SUPERIOR 7-7200
TELETYPE: CG 1988

Straight Aero

Sir:

What a clear, inclusive sketch you made of Ero Saarinen [July 21]. Having been told the details of that life by his father, when I did his biography for the University of Chicago Press, I realize the skill of this drawing. I only wish that Eliel were here to see it, too.

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER
Director

School of the Arts
The Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pa.

Sir:

Just finished reading the cover story on Ero Saarinen, and I'm on Saarinen's side! No matter the "wrath" of the purists, each building—both outside and in—must have its own personality, but must also be in keeping with the traditions and atmosphere of its locale. One point, though, that's troubling quite a few businessmen wasn't covered in the story. All isn't hopeless for the company with the desire for the dramatic and utilitarian, but finds itself in what may be considered antiquated quarters. Just as Saarinen remodeled his Victorian farmhouse, so commercial outlets can face-lift their current quarters to get the operational advantages from today's "mature" modern without having to start from the ground up.

BERTRAM S. SILVER

Brooklyn

Sir:

Your article on Architect Saarinen was very interesting. [But] what about the accomplishments of Frank Lloyd Wright? A home created by Mr. Wright gives the feeling of shelter and the outdoors. He has incorporated the house as a whole, instead of being chopped up into separate boxes. Through the correct use of the nature of materials, organic simplicity, good structure and no limitation he has created some of the most beautiful buildings in the world.

MICHAEL I. ROEHM

Pittsburgh

For cover story on Frank Lloyd Wright, see TIME, Jan. 17, 1938.—Ed.

Left Turn

Sir:

In your June 23 Supreme Court story, you editorialize: "Chief Justice Earl Warren has plotted a deliberate course to the

left, with far more emphasis on ever-changing conditions than on never-changing principles."

Warren sees the whole world picture, and since he became Chief Justice, he has an opportunity to be the real statesman. Present and past problems have been and are of such a nature that it takes some sort of left turn to meet them. I do not know of any such problem ever having been solved by a turn to the right.

LEWIS A. LINCOLN

Denver

Sir:

Do you admire Warren's propensity for "steering the law" instead of being steered by it? Would you approve of doing away with all troublesome lawmaking, and just let Warren dictate to the American people?

KATE M. SUMNER

Hartsville, S.C.

Sir:

The tendency of the Supreme Court to legislate as well as to annul laws because of alleged violation of the Constitution has in the past caused Congress to reverse decisions of that court many times. No wonder Jefferson predicted that we will be governed by a judicial oligarchy with the threat of impeachment a mere scarecrow.

WM. ROCKMORE

Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Backstop out Front

Sir:

I have just read "Afraid of the Big Bad Bear?" in your June 25 issue. I think with you that Dave Sims is one of the greatest of all dash men, but would it not have been fairer reporting to have stated that "Backstop" Bobby Morrow defeated Sims in the 100-meter dash in this same meet prior to Sims pulling up lame in the 200, and that Morrow placed first in the 200, with a very good time. I think you would find Morrow's record to be very impressive and that he is not merely a "backstop," and I feel certain Sims will agree.

GILBERT R. CRAIN

San Benito, Texas

Double Domes & Décolletage

Sir:

As one whose lifelong experience has been to encounter appallingly few thinking women, I was surprised to read in your June 23 Letters column a wail from one Terry Roberts of New York City, regarding the

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TIME
July 16, 1956

Volume LXVIII
Number 3

TIME, JULY 16, 1956

LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



Another "medical first" for Liberty

**HOW IT SAVES MEN AND
REDUCES COMPENSATION COSTS**

Last year Liberty Mutual, with Boston University School of Medicine and Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals, opened a special center for the rehabilitation of paraplegics. Paraplegia, damage to the spinal cord, is the most serious of industrial injuries. Up to a few years ago the paraplegic faced complete inactivity and constant hospital care. Even before opening this center, Liberty pioneered in rehabilitating paraplegics, had completed work on 66 cases. 48% are now at work. Rehabilitating these 66, besides restoring social usefulness, effected an estimated average saving of \$38,000 a case in medical, hospital and compensation costs.



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ANY SIZE COMPANY CAN BENEFIT through Liberty's 4-phase medical and health program and dividend policy. In-Plant Medical Service, Industrial Hygiene, Medical Advisory Service and Rehabilitation control losses, help achieve low net cost.



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The most modern planes in the air... flying the largest network of all. Million-mile pilots make 96% of world-wide arrivals on time. Daily non-stop Tourist and First Class Flights from New York to Paris and Mexico—regular flights from Boston, Chicago and Montreal. The utmost in luxury, a famed cuisine. You pay no more!

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between New York and Mexico—
inaugurated, Jan. 25, 1954.



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New York, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland,
Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.,
Mexico City, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver,
Havana, Puerto Rico, Fort de France,
Pointe à Pitre, Panama, Caracas, Bogota

"unhappy plight of the intellectual American woman," whom she cites as "shunned by the American man."

Surely there skulks around Washington Square, in search of the ghost of Thomas Wolfe, an American male who "delights in thought and its communication and longs to take part in this great American Dream," and who would be delighted to exchange words with "a brain in combination with a low décolletage." If not, and Miss Roberts is ever on the coast, let her drop around for a little wine and cheese and conversation to dispel the "gradual loss of objectivity and a retreat into quiet reflection and neurotic loneliness" that seems to threaten her. I assure her a large and attentive audience of the opposite sex, especially if she brings that décolletage.

FRANK JENKINS
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: Terry Roberts has convinced me that a girl with a broad inquiring mind and a low décolletage is just the thing. How do I meet her?
DAVID R. WONES
Middletown, Mass.

¶ Let Reader Wones meet Reader Roberts (see cut).—Ed.

Sir: Why the fuss over intellectuals? Most of them are laggards who think the world owes them a living. I am just a dilettante who owns a \$14,000 home with a swimming pool in the backyard and a new Buick. Who's smartest—me or them?

JAMES NORMAN

Waukegan, Ill.

World Banker

Sir: Your wonderful cover story on Eugene Black [June 25] makes only a passing reference to his love for Shakespeare. We at Yale have special reason to admire Mr. Black's scholarly bent toward the bard. Last summer Mr. Black spent three weeks of his vacation as a student in the Yale University summer Shakespeare Institute. He was by far the hit of the session, competing favorably with schoolteachers and actors from the Stratford (Conn.) Shakespeare Festival Theater. We need more bankers like Mr. Black.

STEVE KEZERIAN

Yale University News Bureau
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: With all due respect to the "elegant dresser's" qualities and achievements, I was genuinely appalled by the picture of Mr. Black shaking hands with a sovereign nation's top executive while his other hand was disrespectfully deep in his pocket. Even being no tight-collared protocol man, Mr. Black might have known this vulgarity almost anywhere in the world, especially in a European area, equals a personal offense.

MARGARET SADLIK

Washington, D.C.

The President's Health (Contd.)

Sir: Is the U.S. in the grip of a personality cult? Judging from your June 18 edition, this is so. Seven pages of an international magazine devoted to the illness of one man! I admire Ike tremendously but...

M. G. BLOOMER

Lagos, Nigeria

Sir:

It's good to know that you are finally realizing that Ike is one of the poorest excuses for a President that we have ever had. Our prestige in the world has never been as low as it is now.

MRS. E. W. EINHELLIG

Greeley, Kansas

Sir:

I very seriously considered not renewing my subscription solely because of your completely prejudiced non-critical "hurrah" approach to the Eisenhower Administration.

ERNEST C. TWISSELMAN

Cholame, Calif.

Sir:

Have the Democrats an aspirant who can promise that he will not be sick for a four-year period?

JOHN J. SEARY

Tuscola, Ill.

Polio Progress

Sir:

Regarding the A.M.A. resolution demanding that the U.S. Government get out of the business of distributing free polio vaccine [June 25]: I am delighted that M.D.s have the courage to pick up a political hot potato like the free Salk vaccine and carry on the fight against socialism. Appropriately \$57 million of the taxpayers' money for free polio vaccinations is socialism pure and simple.

SHIRLEY A. KODET

Shafter, Calif.

Sir:

Although a staunch supporter of the free-enterprise system in other businesses and professions, Twiss apparently feels that the professional practitioner of medicine should be excluded. There is no more reason that the profit motive should be divorced from the distribution and administration of vaccines than from the production and distribution of foodstuffs, clothing or essential weekly newsmagazines.

JOHN E. HAMPTON, M.D.

Washington, N.J.

Embraceable Hew

Sir:

Dr. Hewlett Johnson certainly drew a prejudiced moral from his own story of being accosted by a prostitute [June 18]. In defense of his partner in the encounter, it should be pointed out that a cleric who embraces Communism might be expected to embrace almost anything.

E. F. JOHNSTON JR.

Darton, Ohio

What the Museums Bought

Sir:

Concerning your article "What the Museums are Buying" [June 25]: To think that "art" has come to this incredible vice—which reminds me of Alexander Pope's poem:

*Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.*

ANN COCHRAN

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

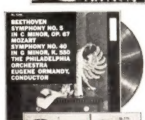
Sir:

I know of but one person more confused than the present-day interpreters of abstract art. That was a little boy who accidentally dropped his wad of chewing gum on the chickenhouse floor.

FREDERICK THACKSTON

Bristol, Va.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA,
EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor
BACH: Suite for Solo Violin
LA VALLÉE (CHABRIER)
PAGINI: MOST DIGNIFIED POINTS OF CALL
PORTS OF CALL



- 1 Parts of Call
Philadelphia Orchestra, conductor, 4 popular works—Bach, Chopin, Paganini, etc.
- 2 The Voice
Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous—Lower, Fools Rush In, etc.
- 3 King of Swing: Vol. 1
Benny Goodman and the Oriental Orch., 12 songs—Hiding High, Moonlight—9 more.
- 4 My Fair Lady
Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from the hit show.
- 5 Mendelssohn
Violin Concerto
Violin Concerto
Francescatti, Violin
N. V. Philharmonia
Mitropoulos, Conductor.
- 6 I Love Paris
Michel Legrand and his Orchestra play La Vie En Rose, Paris—12 more.
- 7 Jazz: Red Hot & Cool
Dave Brubeck Quartet in Blue—Waltz, The Duke—5 more.
- 8 Lament Plays
Gershwin
3 works—Rhapsody in Blue, Concerto in F, An American in Paris.
- 9 Saturday Night Mood
Dance music by 13 bands—Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, etc.
- 10 Beethoven:
Symphony No. 5
Mazur:
Symphony No. 40
Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor.
- 11 Music of Jerome Kern
Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play Kern favorites.
- 12 Ambassador Satchel
European Concert Recordings by the great Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars.

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When blowout averages climbed to 5 a week—at average cost of \$500 each in lost time, lost pay loads and lost customers—management became alarmed.

Then came the \$14,000 blowout!

A behind-time truck-trailer, on a Texas run, blew a tire—and catapulted into the Aransas River! It was free ice cream for the fishes—but a \$14,000 jolt for the creamery—and dawn of their new concept of tire cost:

"You never know what a tire REALLY costs until it's run its last mile—and this company can afford only the toughest, most dependable tires made!"

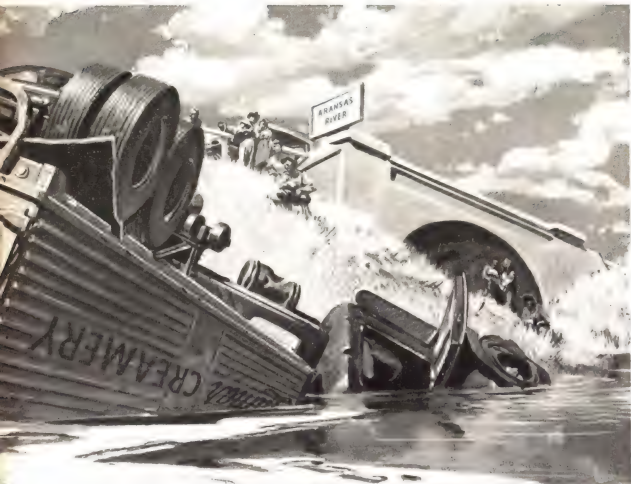
So the fleet changed to Goodyears, built with Triple-Tempered 3-T NYLON Cord.

And what a wonderful change! Not one 3-T Nylon Cord

Buy and Specify

GOOD

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK



new conception of tire costs—

blowout in 2 years! Now, up to 5 recaps a tire—when formerly, 6 out of 10 couldn't be recapped at all! Now, recaps are used on drive wheels—formerly unheard of in this company! Now, with 60 more wheels on the road, new tire purchases are actually *LESS* than in previous years!

The reason is Goodyear's Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord. It controls tire growth, virtually ends bruise breaks and blowouts, increases tire life up to 30%—keeps tires in shape for more recaps.

Only Goodyear tires have Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord. Tube-type or **TUBELESS**—they cost no more than other makes built with **U**ntempered nylon.

Ask your Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

YEAR

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



**3-T
NYLON CORD
makes safest
TUBELESS
TIRES
•
ONLY
GOODYEAR
TIRES HAVE
3-T NYLON
CORD**

TRACTION HI-MILER
built with 3-T NYLON CORD
SAFETY TYPE

Make your Goodyear dealer's sign your good luck sign.
Enter the Goodyear \$150,000 Sweepstakes
at your Goodyear dealer's now.



There's a world of reassurance in a telephone call

"Don't forget to call us."

Trust the children to think of that . . . as if you'd forget!

A telephone call is a personal, satisfying way to let folks know you've arrived safely . . . to make sure things are running smoothly at home.

Also, when you travel, it's a good idea to call ahead for reservations. It's quick and easy to do. And the cost is small.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.



LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

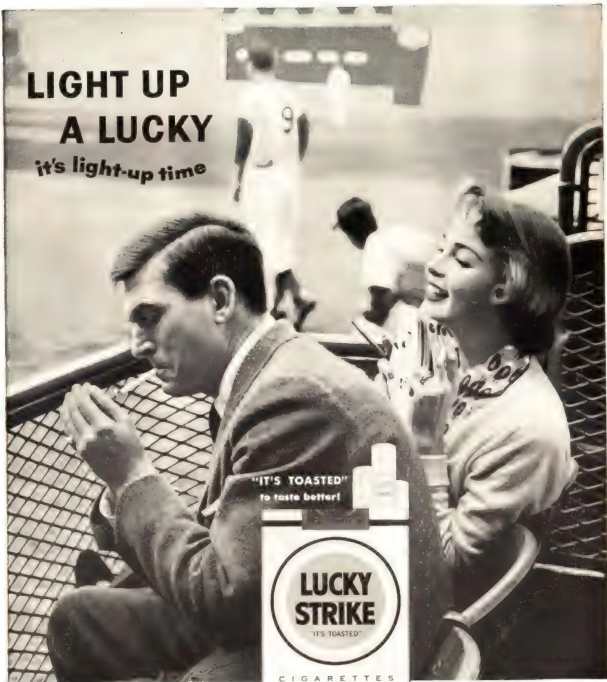
Here are some examples:

New York to Mount Pocono, Pa. . .	40¢
Atlanta to Asheville, N.C.	55¢
Boston to Bar Harbor, Me.	60¢
Phoenix to Laguna Beach, Calif. . .	80¢
Dallas to Denver	\$1.10

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

11

**LIGHT UP
A LUCKY**
it's light-up time



"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!

**LUCKY
STRIKE**

"IT'S TOASTED"

CIGARETTES



LUCKY FANS. With Luckies along, you're 'way ahead of the game. You see, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. Outdoors or indoors, Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES
TASTE BETTER
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Tranquil Time

From Maryland's Sparrows Point west to California's Torrance, the steel mills lay smokeless and still. But with 650,000 steelworkers on strike and the key industry of the nation's economy shut down, neither labor nor management seemed to be particularly bothered or bitter. Strikers waved their signs only when news photographers whooped them on, spent most of their tours on the picket line playing ball, shooting craps, or gazing at television sets plugged into management's power outlets. In Gary, Ind., pickets used an air-conditioned, seven-seat mobile toilet lent them by U.S. Steel. An Inland Steel official called the situation "a comic opera." Said a U.S. Steel executive: "It's just as if they'd all been let out of school."

All across the U.S., in the summer of 1956, the people seemed to feel let out of school. Never before had the nation been so prosperous; never before had wages been so high and jobs so plentiful. The sense of security was strong (see *BUSINESS*). Even at the inevitable soft spots there was an easy air. In Detroit, where auto industry employment is down, the A.A.A. travel bureau's Mrs. John Dalzell reported: "We've had a number of workers come in to book trips who say they think they'd better get their vacation while they're off, because they might be called back to work and miss out."

No one wanted to miss out. In Manhattan, liners packed to the last berth with tourists edged daily from their docks into the Hudson's high slack water. In Miami, 200 hotels once open only during the winter season were lobby deep in summer guests; despite two spectacular summer-time crashes, airline flights were booked solid.

The school-is-out mood permeated even election-year politics. Most U.S. voters seemed sure that Ike would run again and win again. Republicans were so sure that they could enjoy politico-medical jokes ("Have you heard that the Democrats are demanding equal time on the stethoscope?"). Last week there were increasing signs that the accepted view of the President's intentions was well founded, that Ike would indeed be a candidate. Even the working organization Democrats, consciously or not, were enveloped in the mood, were acting quite unlike Democrats (see below).

Even beyond the shores of the U.S. the



STEELWORKERS' PICKET LINE AT GARY, IND.
Everyone seemed to feel let out of school.

Arthur Shoy

picture was brighter. There were clear indications that Communism is in deep trouble. But while the U.S. basked under a warm sun and enjoyed its moratorium on nagging worry, there were reminders that summer and its mood are never eternal. Neutralism continued on the upswing among nervous nations. As a result, the unity and strength of the Western world, and particularly of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, were in danger. In the Middle East, the quiet was temporary and could easily be shattered.

Enjoying the soft warmth of the tranquil summer, the U.S. had still to remember that a cold winter could lie ahead.

THE PRESIDENCY

Talk of Politics

On the air-conditioned, glass-enclosed porch of a farmhouse on the old battlefield's edge, a little boy spilled his toy soldiers to the floor, arranged them into armies before the rain-splattered windows. As his grandfather watched, eight-year-old David Eisenhower proceeded to wage the Battle of Gettysburg, ended 93 years before as the rain fell on the blood-drenched field and on Lee's army, in retreat toward the Potomac. Former General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower gave young David no professional advice. Cracked Press Secretary Jim Hagerty: "The President lets David fight his own battles."

Old Soldier Eisenhower was winning

some of his own battles. His pre-operation daily diet of 1,800 calories had been increased to 3,500; slowly, he was recovering some of his lost weight. He was feeling "stronger and stronger," he told his doctors. The physicians—the White House's Leonard Heaton, Philadelphia Specialist Isidor Ravdin—all agreed. "The President," they reported, "has had a very satisfactory week. His convalescent progress has been steady and uneventful."

During the brief hours of sunny weather, the President strolled around his fields, practiced chips and putts on the golf green east of the house. Between periods of relaxation and strength-building, he attended to some White House business. At week's end the nation finally got word that Dwight Eisenhower had talked about "politics."

Grinning like a Cheshire cat, Press Secretary Hagerty bounded into the converted basketball court in town, where newsmen had been standing by impatiently. The President, he said, had discussed future plans, as well as "politics generally," with Hagerty and, on the telephone, with Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams. But newsmen could not squeeze a smidgen more from Hagerty. Said he, darting his tongue into his cheek: "I'm merely trying to keep you informed."

For a specific statement, the newsmen held to the hope that the President might schedule a press conference before he takes off on July 20 for his meeting in

Panama with heads of other American states.

Last week the President also:

¶ Received a direct report from Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan Twining on Twining's trip to the Soviet Union (see below).

¶ Signed 30 bills, including the \$34.6 billion defense appropriation and an \$863 million public-works bill, but not without a rap on congressional knuckles for having included in the public-works bill unbudgeted regional projects that he felt would have a "serious effect . . . on the future financial commitments of the Federal Government."

¶ Approved the payment of \$964,000 to Vatican City for damages resulting from

public, Nixon pooled the anniversaries—the 180th for the U.S. and the tenth for the Philippines—and referred to "190 years of independence." With President Ramon Magasaysay, he announced a new U.S. policy giving the Philippines title to U.S. military bases in that country, thereby settling an old point of tension between friends (see FOREIGN NEWS).

"The Word Among the People." From the moment Nixon and his wife emerged from a MATS Constellation at Manila's airport, the Vice President generated friendship. He shook hands held out from the cordoned crowd, relied with effect on his California Spanish, three times halted his white Cadillac on the drive to Magasaysay's residence to shake hands. Secret

ent. But are Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania independent? Is there any freedom in East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania?

"How much liberty is there in North Korea or North Viet Nam? What has happened to ancient Tibet? We must all frankly face this question: Where there is a threat of Communist colonial imperialism is a nation really safe in striking out alone?"

Another Country Heard From. Flying on to Saigon, the Vice President, again to general public delight, reached for the hands of plain people, moved to the background while South Viet Nam marked the second anniversary of Ngo Dinh Diem's government. "You may be sure that you will have the warm support and admiration of the American people," Nixon said. "Although your country is divided, the militant march of Communism has been halted."

On Formosa Nixon assured Chiang Kai-shek that the U.S. in its Geneva discussions is mapping no end-around play on Far East allies whose anti-Communist front has been molded at U.S. insistence. From there he flew on for stops in Pakistan and Turkey.

As the Vice President moved around the world, Moscow took note of his effective salesmanship, and denounced it as "propaganda." What Moscow did not say was that the Kremlin has been eager to have Nixon visit Russia, has already sounded out the possibilities. The probable answer: no.

Privy Seal

Under the far-flung U.S. technical assistance (Point Four) program, the International Cooperation Administration will build 10,000 badly needed structures in Jordan: a central government laboratory, a tuberculosis hospital, a maternity hospital, a nursing school and 9,996 outdoor privies.

Jordan officials, who inspected a model pit privy set up by ICA, quickly issued a formal request through diplomatic channels, found that ICA was eager to help out. The U.S. developed a plan to furnish three-inch-thick concrete slabs in the proper design. The Jordanians would dig the necessary pits, build optional surrounding structures.

But even in the interests of international cooperation, one problem bothered ICA: under Point Four requirements, each building must be marked with a suitable inscription showing that the structure was built by U.S. taxpayers. The customary brass (cost: \$7) or wooden (cost: about \$2) plaques would be too expensive to install on buildings that cost \$15 apiece. Besides, said one ICA health official, "brass and wood plaques are used to dignify a structure. You can't do that with these buildings." Last week the problem was solved. The markers will be suitably inscribed in the floor section of the concrete slab, there for all to contemplate. Each slab will carry the simple ICA emblem over a U.S. shield.



John Dominis—UPI

THE NIXONS & THE MAGSAYSAYS IN MANILA
Together, 190 years of independence.

accidental bombings by U.S. aircraft during World War II.

¶ Commuted to 55 years in prison the death sentence of Army Private Richard A. Hagelberger of East Aurora, N.Y., who had been sentenced to die for the murder of two German civilians in 1952.

¶ Let it be known, through Hagerty, that he "will continue to urge the Congress" to pass a school-aid bill, despite the bill's resounding defeat last week (see below).

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Vice President Abroad

Across the Pacific to Manila and Saigon and Taipei last week went the Vice President of the U.S. on a two-point assignment. Face to face with Asian leaders, Richard Nixon elucidated the U.S. position that collective security is wiser than neutralism. To anxious allies, he conveyed high-level assurance that the Geneva discussions between the U.S. and Red China portend no basic change in this country's attitude toward Asia.

In Manila for the shared Independence Day of the U.S. and the Philippine Re-

Service men blanched, but Filipinos loved it. Said one in ultimate tribute: "The word among the people is that Nixon is like Magasaysay."

Half a million people crammed Manila's spacious bayside park, the Luneta, to hear Nixon and Magasaysay deliver Fourth of July addresses. In a speech carefully tooled to make clear U.S. policy on neutralism, Nixon said that the U.S., which went through an era of isolationism, can understand the feelings of some nations that want to avoid international alliances. But free nations, he said, can find far greater security by banding together. Then he laid down a clear line: "... There is [a] brand of neutralism that makes no moral distinction between the Communist world and the free world. With this viewpoint we have no sympathy."

Citing U.S.-Philippine friendship, Nixon hoped "other nations will study this example carefully and realize what it means to walk side by side with the United States of America. Let them contrast your strength and security with the fate of small nations who were not united with us in mutual alliances. You are independ-

THE CONGRESS

Prejudice & Politics

In a mood of anger and fecklessness, the House last week took final action on the \$1.6 billion bill to build 300,000 desperately needed schoolrooms in the next four years. At the heart of the trouble was 1) the deep split among Southern and Northern Democrats over the race issue, 2) the basic opposition of conservative Republicans to the principle of federal aid to schools. Result: a crushing defeat for the bill.

The Trigger. Trigger of defeat was the amendment by Manhattan Democrat Adam Clayton Powell Jr. to force federal funds to school districts until they have complied with the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. The amendment brought roars of anger from Southern Democrats. Shouted Louisiana Democrat George Long: "Louisiana is not going to integrate. I do not care what kind of a law you pass here." It also brought some reasoned statesmanship. Chicago Democrat William L. Dawson, like Powell a Negro, took his own stand against the amendment. Said he sadly: "I would not deny to the children in all states the opportunities to obtain their education because the people of a few scattered states have not yet obeyed the mandate of the court . . ."

The Switch. After two days of near chaos, a whopping G.O.P. majority voted the Powell amendment into the bill. Then, having put themselves on record with the nation's 6,000,000 Negro voters to the patent disadvantage of the Democrats, many Republicans felt free to go on record as firmly opposed to federal aid to education. To support this politically motivated position, they pointed out that the bill did not require states to take the responsibility called for by the Administration's school building program (TIME, Jan. 23). Said Indiana's Representative Charles Halleck: "This bill never was the Administration program."

On the final vote, school aid was defeated 224 (119 Republicans, 105 Democrats) to 194 (119 Democrats, 75 Republicans). Each side promptly accused the other of wrecking the bill. The truth was that both sides, by acting on politics and prejudice, had killed school aid.

Last week the Congress also:

☐ Approved, in the House, a \$378 million bill to continue federal aid for school construction and operation for another two years in "impacted" areas, i.e., crowded by military installations and other federal institutions. It passed because the Powell amendment was not proposed and because it could be construed as a special, not general, application of the federal aid principle.

☐ Agreed, in a Senate-House conference, to split the difference between the mutual-security bills and allow the Administration to spend or commit \$4,014,000,000 (it had asked for \$4.9 billion) on the foreign-aid programs this year.

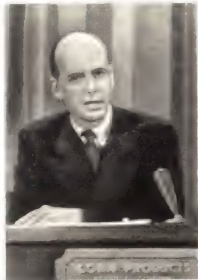
☐ Passed, in the House, by a 217-165

vote, an Administration bill—opposed by the Democratic leadership—to raise postal rates from 3¢ to 4¢ for first-class mail, 6¢ to 7¢ for domestic airmail, and by 30% to 120% for second-class mail. The bill, designed to wipe out the postal deficit by producing \$430 million a year in new revenue, will probably be pigeonholed in the Senate.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Now a Word From Our Sponsor

Into a high-ceilinged, cream-colored room in Washington's Hotel Sheraton-Carlton one night last week crowded television technicians with bulky equipment and wand mikes. Sixteen reporters, re-



ATTORNEY GENERAL BROWNELL ON TV
Corn products.

cruited at \$125 a head, were ready to help TV Producer Martha Rountree launch her new NBC program, *Press Conference*. The object of all attention: U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr., invited by Moderator Rountree (at no cash fee: he got a 20-volume, leather-bound encyclopedia instead) to be the first of a series of key figures to be interviewed. There was a gimmick: Brownell was expected to make an important public announcement to kick off the show.

He did. After a word from the sponsor (Corn Products Refining Co.—salad oil, syrup, cornstarch, etc.), the Attorney General of the U.S. grasped his lectern mike, crisply reported that the Department of Justice was about to start a civil action under the antitrust laws against General Motors, charging it with "unlawful activities which have given it a monopolistic position in the manufacture of buses."

There were plenty of questions—among them: Did the timing of the General Motors suit indicate an attempt to take the wind out of the Democratic election-year charges that "this is a big-business

administration?" Brownell's reply: "I don't believe that deserves an answer, because everybody knows we've been studying this problem for some months." But the big questions did not come until after the show. Brownell had not held a Washington press conference since October. Why, asked a reporter, had he saved his major news announcement for release on a commercially sponsored program? Said the Attorney General: the Government is obligated to use all communication media—press, radio, TV and others—in giving out news.

The answer satisfied few working newsmen. Snapped the pro-Administration New York *Daily News*: "A naive, simple-minded stunt . . . Government news is, or ought to be, public property as fast as it breaks." Chimed in the New York *Times's* Pundit Arthur Krock: "Never before . . . has a decision of this moment been reserved from general circulation by a high official—possibly for days—to help a commercial enterprise get publicity for its wares."

At week's end the Justice Department filed its suit in Detroit (see BUSINESS). Other performing artists on commercial television, from Perry Como to Jackie Gleason, would have to concede that there is something extra in being Attorney General of the U.S.

THE BUDGET

Dollars & Sense

The U.S. Treasury last week announced a historic accomplishment: for the first time in five years, the fourth time in a quarter century, the Federal budget had a surplus when the fiscal year ended on June 30. After income of \$67.7 billion and expenditure of \$65.9 billion during fiscal 1956, the Eisenhower Administration had paid off \$1.6 billion of the national debt, reducing it to \$272.7 billion.

TAXES

The Real Rich

Tippling is a formidable institution, and nowhere is it more slavishly and generously served than in Manhattan, where it costs \$25 minimum to redeem a hat from a hat-chick, vastly more to ensure a second well-served meal from a Cadillac-sowning waiter. Last spring the worst suspicions of tipping's intimidated victims—the customers—were confirmed when Hans Paul, headwaiter at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, was sent to prison; over four years, the Government charged. Headwaiter Paul had evaded payment of \$67,070 in taxes—all due on tips. Last week another headwaiter—Hans Paul's successor—was in similar trouble. The Internal Revenue Service charged in an indictment that the Waldorf's Arthur Haezorn, 54, whose salary is \$3,000 a year, made at least an additional \$30,000 a year in tips, had evaded income taxes of \$11,781 in two years. Although few other, could Internal Revenue men have obviously caught the waiter's eye.

DEMOCRATS

The Care & Feeding of the Baby (See Cover)

I know that a Democrat is just like a Baby. If it's hollering and making a lot of noise, there is nothing serious the matter with it. But if it's quiet and still and don't pay much attention to anything, why that's when it's really dangerous.

—Will Rogers

With little more than a month to go before the national convention, the Democratic Baby last week was uncommonly quiet and still. Party leaders nibbled cucumber sandwiches in Illinois, collected chigger bites in Iowa, stood at attention

radicals on economic and social policy. The fuse burns short on the civil-rights issue. And personal bitterness grows between the two leading candidates for the nomination: Adlai Ewing Stevenson of Illinois and William Averell Harriman of New York. The key question as the convention approaches: Will the quiet be broken?

Coddling & Joggling. In the pre-convention campaign Adlai Stevenson has taken a big lead with his moderate, brothers-in-arms appeal to party unity. It is his clear strategy to coddle the Democratic Baby. He wants no wounded feelings or angry yowling. He hopes to lie low in the last weeks before the convention while his managers clinch his nomination with a

Acting as though he had not a Democratic foe in the world, he threw all his darts at Republicans, declared that the Eisenhower Administration is "stalled in the middle of the road," that "our prosperity is as spotted as a coach dog," and that "evidence is mounting that we are losing the cold war while neutralism is on the rise through much of the world."

After the picnic Stevenson entrained for Iowa with the air of a man who really had nothing much to do. Accompanied by 25-year-old Adlai Stevenson Jr., he informed no Iowa politicians of his coming. (Said one baffled county chairman: "I just happened to hear it on the radio.") His mission was to collect farm facts for the fall presidential campaign, observe the effects of drought on Iowa's farmers (he was thwarted by a rain that fell steadily for three days). His method was to seek out farmers and ask questions, prefacing them with the explanation: "Folks, my objective in coming here is not to talk but to listen."

Goodbye & Hello. As the confident candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1956, Adlai Stevenson bears little resemblance to the beaten candidate of 1952, who, when asked if he would run again, replied wanly: "Examine that man's head!" Mused Stevenson last week: "It seemed wholly improbable to me that one could be nominated twice for the presidency. It seems rather strange that I am about to..." He caught himself, hesitated, and finished: "... that I'm a possible nominee even this time."

For two years after 1952, Stevenson traveled (including a five-month world tour), made scores of speeches to pay off the Democrats' \$560,000 deficit. In December 1954 he said goodbye ("Now I must devote more time to my own concerns") to nearly all political activity, returned to Chicago to open his law office.

But the presidential virus is not that easy to shake off; within six months Stevenson was again making speeches, and in July 1955 he confided to Harry Truman that he had ideas about running again. Truman had reasons for coolness toward Stevenson; e.g., he had heard how, in the heat of the 1952 campaign, Stevenson had said that someone ought to enact a "gag rule" to stop Harry's give-'em-hell campaigning. But Truman choked down his personal feelings, urged Stevenson to make the sort of fight that would return the Democrats to the White House in 1956. Truman's specific advice: come out swinging with a 1955 Labor Day announcement of candidacy. Stevenson insisted that he wanted to consult first with his sons, then seek out the opinions of Democratic leaders across the U.S. The process required months—and Harry Truman was not pleased that his advice was spurned.

By lining up party approval before he made his announcement, Stevenson hoped to win the nomination virtually uncontested. He made plans to work with Democratic congressional leaders toward a leg-



CANDIDATE STEVENSON & IOWA FARMERS
With the air of a man who had nothing much to do.

for the Uruguayan national anthem in Montevideo (Minn.), smiled at each other across a table in Manhattan's "21." At national committee headquarters, staff members were calmly looking beyond the convention, planning to conduct the fall campaign with the help of Madison Avenue's Norman, Craig & Kummel, Inc., the advertising agency that made the Maidenform bra a symbol of the American Dream. Even in South Carolina, where the civil-rights issue is seething, Democratic delegates caucused, tut-tutted talk of a third party, voted to seek their objectives "within the framework" of the Democratic Party.

Beneath this calm surface, the Democratic situation of 1956 has the ingredients for as much hollering and noise as the party has ever heard before. There is the basic split between moderates and

starkly simple piece of advice to uncommitted delegates: "Jump onto the bandwagon while there are still choice seats."

As the man who must arouse more interest in his candidacy, Harriman follows an equally clear strategic plan: joggle the Baby. His crucial moment will come when the Democratic resolutions committee meets in Chicago Aug. 6 to hammer out a party platform. His main effort is aimed at using civil rights as an explosive issue to blow the roof off convention hall—and the nomination out of Stevenson's hands.

Last week Candidate Stevenson was playing to the hilt his role of leading candidate, party peacemaker and (with all outward confidence) the certain nominee. He traveled to Bloomington, Ill. (his old home town) for a cucumber-sandwich garden party and a Fourth of July picnic.

HOW THEY STAND

With a good deal of maneuvering still to be done before the Democrats meet in Chicago, the pattern

of first-ballot strength is taking form. The state-by-state picture, as assessed by TIME correspondents:

Alabama (26 votes): Headed by Senator John Sparkman (who hopes to be on the ticket with Adlai Stevenson again), the delegation is expected to give Stevenson at least 17 first-ballot votes, scatter the rest, e.g., Lyndon Johnson $\frac{1}{2}$, Stuart Symington 1, Richard Russell $\frac{1}{2}$.

Arizona (16): Split 7 for Stevenson, 5 for Averell Harriman, the rest undecided; the delegation (which will vote as a unit) will probably go to Favorite Son Ernest McFarland on the first ballot, then switch with the wind.

Arkansas (26): Delegation not yet chosen; probably will be uninstructed.

California (68): Firm for Primary Winner Stevenson.

Colorado (20): Delegates to be selected July 20. Until then, Colorado is a happy hunting ground.

Connecticut (20): Following Governor Abraham Ribicoff and voting under the unit rule, 20 for Stevenson.

Delaware (10): Uncommitted, but leaning to Stevenson.

Florida (28): Settled by the primary, Stevenson 22, Kefauver 6.

Georgia (32): No decision likely until the civil rights issue has been fought out in Chicago, but most of the delegation (bound by the unit rule) seems to agree with Senatorial Candidate Herman Talmadge, who looks upon Stevenson as "the lesser of evils."

Idaho (12): Divided about evenly among Harriman, Stevenson and Kefauver. With that split, the delegation's unit-rule vote is still in doubt.

Illinois (64): Stevenson seems sure of 49 from his home state. Former U.S. Senator Scott Luca and former Governor John Stelle have led a downstate revolt that has produced 15 anti-Stevenson, probably pro-Symington votes.

Indiana (26): All bound to unopposed Primary Winner Kefauver—for the first ballot. After that, a majority is expected to go to Stevenson.

Iowa (24): Stevenson has about 10, Kefauver 7 or 8, and Averell Harriman is making a major effort to win at least the undecided.

Kansas (16): The delegation is divided (a majority for Stevenson, about 5 for Harriman), but the unit rule indicates 16 first-ballot votes for Adlai.

Kentucky (30): All for Favorite Son A. B. "Happy" Chandler until he makes a deal.

Louisiana (24): Divided and undecided. Governor Earl Long, whose influence will be great, says he favors Stevenson but is "not married to him."

Maine (14): Publicly neutral, privately leaning 9 (including Governor Edmund Muskie) for Stevenson, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ for Kefauver, 1 for Harriman, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ undecided.

Maryland (18): All for Kefauver, the unopposed primary winner, on the first ballot.

Massachusetts (40): All for Favorite Son John McCormack on the first ballot, with indications pointing toward a later, sizable shift to Stevenson, who has the support of U.S. Senator John Kennedy and former Governor Paul Dever.

Michigan (44): For as long as he likes, Governor G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams, who has attacked Stevenson's "moderation," can hold Michigan for his favorite-son candidacy. Then he can deliver the delegation to the candidate of his choice.

Minnesota (30): On the first ballot, as a result of the primary, Kefauver 26, Stevenson 4. Both Stevenson and Harriman are angling strongly for second-ballot support.

Mississippi (22): Governor J. P. Coleman, whose influence will be great, leans to Stevenson, but the delegation is not likely to decide on its man until the civil rights issue is settled.

Missouri (38): Down the line with Favorite Son Symington.

Montana (16): All for unopposed Primary Winner Kefauver until he releases them or receives less than 20% of the convention vote.

Nebraska (12): Best bet is 8 for Stevenson, 4 for Kefauver.

Nevada (14): Present leanings indicate Symington 5, Stevenson 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, Harriman 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, Johnson and Kefauver each $\frac{1}{2}$, and 3 undecided.

New Hampshire (8): To the bitter end with Primary Winner Kefauver.

New Jersey (36): Governor Robert Meyner will probably get 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ favorite-son votes on the first ballot, with the other $\frac{1}{2}$ going to Kefauver. After that, probably a split, then a shift to the man who looks like the winner.

New Mexico (16): Divided, probably 10 for Stevenson, 6 for Harriman.

New York (98): 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ for Harriman, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ for Stevenson.

North Carolina (36): With the backing of Governor Luther Hodges, Stevenson is expected to get 30 on the first ballot, Harriman and Kefauver $\frac{1}{2}$ each, with the rest undecided.

North Dakota (8): Although Harriman is making gains, present prospect is all 8 for Kefauver under the unit rule.

Ohio (58): 54 pledged to Governor Frank Lausche, 4 for anyone except

Lausche; majority expected to shift quickly with the wind.

Oklahoma (28): All will follow Governor Raymond Gary for Harriman.

Oregon (16): All for Primary Winner Stevenson.

Pennsylvania (74): 38 pledged to Stevenson, with the possibility that Governor George Leader and Pittsburgh's Mayor Dave Lawrence can increase his total to 60. The other 14 are swayed by Philadelphia's non-committal Democratic City Chairman William Green, who has urged that Pennsylvania go slow on Stevenson.

Rhode Island (16): Probably 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ for Stevenson, 1 for Kefauver, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ undecided.

South Carolina (20): Instructed for Governor George Bell Timmerman Jr.

South Dakota (8): Pledged to Primary Winner Kefauver for the first ballot, and then looking for a bandwagon.

Tennessee (32): Probably a courtesy call for Tennessee's Estes Kefauver on the first ballot, then a majority shift, behind Governor Frank Clement, to Adlai Stevenson.

Texas (56): For Favorite Son Lyndon Johnson, after that at the trading post.

Utah (12): Despite the efforts of State Chairman Milton Wellenman, Harriman's field leader in 14 Western states, the best first-ballot estimate is 8 for Stevenson, 4 for Harriman.

Vermont (6): 5 for Stevenson, another $\frac{1}{2}$ leaning to him, and $\frac{1}{2}$ for Stuart Symington.

Virginia (32): At the urging of Senator Harry Byrd, probably a unit vote for Lyndon Johnson on early balloting, then a switch to the leading candidate whose civil-rights stand seems least obnoxious.

Washington (26): All for Favorite Son Warren Magnuson on the first ballot. After that, probably a majority for Stevenson.

West Virginia (24): The prospect is 20 for Stevenson, 2 for Kefauver, 1 each for Harriman and Symington.

Wisconsin (28): All for unopposed Primary Winner Kefauver until released or until his convention total falls below 10%.

Wyoming (14): The outlook is Harriman 7, Stevenson 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, Kefauver 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Alaska (6): A majority favors Primary Winner Stevenson, which, under the unit rule, gives him all 6.

District of Columbia (6): All pledged to Primary Winner Stevenson.

Canal Zone (3): Undecided.

Hawaii (6): Instructed to vote for Stevenson on the first ballot.

Virgin Islands (3): Favorable to Stevenson.

Puerto Rico (6): Undecided.

islative program he could point to in the campaign against the Republicans. He had bright dreams of leading a completely united party into the national campaign. Then along came Estes Kefauver—and Stevenson's plans went into the scrap heap. To meet Kefauver's challenge, Stevenson unhappily entered his name in a few carefully selected primaries.

"Now He's a Politician." His first primary was almost his last: the stunning Minnesota loss to Kefauver nearly finished Stevenson as a serious contender. But he inched back to the top of the Democratic heap by way of primary victories in Alaska, the District of Columbia, Oregon, Florida, and—finally—a crowning triumph (by 450,000 votes) in crucial California.

Adlai Stevenson learned a lot about politics during those hard weeks. Always uneasy when speaking without a highly polished, typewritten text in front of him, he learned to talk with roughhewn notes—and in so doing, he freshened his delivery. With considerable effort (often demonstrated by an embarrassed or embarrassing quip) he perfected a folksy, hand-shaking, stunt-performing style of campaigning.

In many other ways, Stevenson became far more willing to face the facts of political life. Explains his original political sponsor, former Chicago Boss Jack Arvey: "In 1952 he went to the American Legion convention and pointed out their faults. He did the same with labor. He thought he had to do this as a part of his integrity. He'd never do it again. Now he's a politician."

Most important of all, Adlai Stevenson came to trust in professional political managers instead of in the amateurs who surrounded him in 1952. And his newfound faith in professionals has become the key to Stevenson's drive for the 1956 Democratic nomination.

A Job for Professionals. With the prestige he won in California, Stevenson again became the Democrat to beat. His campaign entered an entirely new phase. No longer was it necessary for Stevenson himself to get out and persuade California clam diggers and Florida grapefruit growers that he deserved the nomination. The job was to convince delegates that their political futures rested on backing a winner, *i.e.*, Stevenson. That job was turned over to Stevenson's smoothly professional campaign manager, James Finnegan, 55, a leader of Philadelphia's potent Democratic organization.

At Stevenson headquarters in the heart of Chicago's Loop, Jim Finnegan directs a staff that includes high-level volunteers and 18 paid employees. At his right hand is white-haired Hyman Raskin, 47, law partner of former Democratic National Chairman Steve Mitchell. Finnegan is generally responsible for gathering delegates east of Chicago, while Raskin works on those to the west. They employ no crunching tactics, rely heavily on their knowledge of the best approach to individual delegates. That knowledge comes from the 4-by-6-in. index cards on which John Sharon, a young Washington lawyer, has recorded vital statistics: what each delegate has done at past Democratic conventions, what he has said or pledged for this year, the policies he is for and the policies he is against, who has talked to him about his attitude and vote—whether Adlai Stevenson himself has written, called or seen him.

P.A.Q. Without H.S.T. The ascendancy of Finnegan and Raskin in the current phase of campaign operations leaves little for Stevenson to do except stay out of politically compromising situations. Stevenson's occasional excursions outside Illinois are kept deliberately innocuous, as in last week's Iowa tour and in his trip late last month to New York, where he discussed

campaign finances with Real-Estate Broker Roger Stevens, checked with his friend, CBSman Edward R. Murrow, about television ideas for use this fall. Most of Stevenson's time since the California primary has been spent on his 72-acre farm at Libertyville, on Chicago's northwest suburban edge, pitching hay, receiving visitors, and reading.

His reading is devoted almost exclusively to papers prepared by his research staff on the issues he hopes to argue with Republicans after he has won the Democratic nomination. To prepare Stevenson for the fall campaign, staff researchers in Chicago have compiled material filling 16 triple-drawer filing cases. One of the fattest sections is labeled "Ike—P.A.Q."—for Policies, Actions, Quotations. At the researchers' fingertips are the speeches of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Adlai Ewing Stevenson. Conspicuously missing: the speeches of Harry Truman.

Angry With Ave. As the candidate whose strategy aims at avoiding personal, name-calling, party-splitting feuds with other Democrats, Stevenson has one particularly trying problem: to hide from the public his feeling toward Averell Harriman. That feeling goes deep.

Since Harriman said, after his election as New York's governor in 1954, that he would support Stevenson for President, Adlai feels that Ave has no right to be in the race at all. Specifically, Stevenson thinks that both Harriman and Kefauver entered the contest only because they thought that Dwight Eisenhower's heart attack enhanced Democratic chances for November. "I had almost universal encouragement," frets Stevenson, recalling how he touched bases with Democratic leaders before announcing his own candidacy. "That is, until after Eisenhower's heart attack. Harriman rushed out almost within the week and said he was no longer



IN CALIFORNIA



IN NEW YORK
There was a change of tactics.



Associated Press/United Press
IN MINNESOTA

supporting Stevenson. Kefauver was not far behind."

Stevenson is pained by the Harriman forces' argument that 1952 was a sad Democratic showing, and that Adlai would do no better this time. There are two sides to the argument about Stevenson's 1952 showing. Next only to Franklin Roosevelt in 1936 and Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, he received more votes than any presidential candidate in history—winner or loser. This statistic, however, is tempered by the fact that the burgeoning U.S. population almost inevitably results in larger popular votes in each succeeding election. The key statistic on the other side of the argument: with the single exception of Al Smith in 1928, Stevenson got a smaller percentage (17%) of the electoral vote than any other Democratic candidate in this century.

While they quietly advance the negative side of the 1952 argument, Harriman's supporters are also advancing experience as an issue: "After all, Harriman was a high official of the U.S. Government when Stevenson was a minor bureaucrat."

The Harriman Strategy. To win in Chicago, Harriman must exploit the splits in the Democratic Party: between himself and Stevenson, between conservatives and liberals, between the North and the South. In particular, he sees the civil-rights issue as the key to his nomination.

Harriman's theory involves these premises: the North and South are so far apart on civil rights that no candidate can straddle the issue. Stevenson has tried, and won grudging support from the South (which considers him, as one observer puts it, the "least worst"). Therefore, Stevenson is the candidate of the South—and that candidate cannot be acceptable to the Northern conscience. If properly aroused. Therefore, the North must find another candidate. Who's the man? Averell Harriman.

When the resolutions committee goes to work on the Democratic platform in Chicago a week before the convention, the New York members aim to touch off a roaring fight on civil rights. Stevenson backers will seek a civil-rights plank that offends nobody; the Harriman forces will try for a plank that will blast all hopes of North-South agreement on anything—including a candidate. They expect help from such enthusiastic civil-rights as Michigan's Governor "Soapy" Williams and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther. It makes little difference to the Harriman people whether they prevail on the committee. If they lose, they will send to the convention floor a blazing minority report. That, they hope, will rip the convention apart, leave Stevenson stuck with the South and give Harriman the North—which has more delegate votes.

Although the real Harriman thunderbolts will not come until convention time, Harriman meanwhile is missing no chances to collect delegates through organizational strength. Top men in the Harriman camp



Associated Press

CANDIDATE HARRIMAN & FRIEND

There was the strange case of Grover Cleveland.

are Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio, who digs in the delegate-rich fields of the East; Sam Rosenman, onetime Roosevelt and Truman speechwriter, who serves as idea man and adviser without portfolio, and onetime (1930-42) New York Post Publisher George Backer, who runs Averell Harriman's Manhattan campaign headquarters.

Unlike Adlai, Averell has not turned himself over to his managers. He is emphatically his own boss, makes his own decisions, and often goes against the wishes of his top advisers. Example: the managers wanted him to announce his active candidacy on the June 10 *Meet the Press* television show. He agreed, then changed his mind. Telling only a few members of his personal staff, and then only two hours ahead of time, he tossed his grey fedora into the ring on June 9 at the convention of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers.

"Hold on to Your Hat." Last week, especially in search of restive Kefauver delegates, Harriman was in Iowa, North Dakota and Minnesota (where he attended a Montevideo fiesta honoring Uruguay's Montevideo). From Minneapolis he flew back to Manhattan to keep a breakfast date with the man he considers most important to his future: returned European Traveler Harry Truman.

Senior Democrat Truman has not—and may never—come out in public support of Harriman against Stevenson. But he leaves little doubt where he stands, and he is a tough behind-the-scenes operator. Walking with Truman along Madison Avenue, Harriman took off his hat, displayed it as the one he had thrown into the ring. Advised Truman: "Keep it. It's going to be valuable."

Throughout Truman's stay, Harriman supporters marched in and out of his Carlyle Hotel suite. No working Steven-

son backer came to call. Sam Rosenman had breakfast with Harriman and Truman, escorted Truman to a meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations, closed out the day with Harry and Bess Truman at "21." When New York Post Publisher Dorothy Schiff (George Backer's ex-wife) asked Truman about Stevenson's chances, she got a meaningful reply. Reported Publisher Schiff: "Mr. Truman pointed out that a once-defeated presidential candidate has never won in American history except in the strange case of Grover Cleveland." And above all else, Harry Truman wants a Democrat to win the White House in 1956.

The Cold Mathematics. Averell Harriman can gain much from Truman's attitude. He can keep on throwing missiles at Stevenson, from beans to harpoons. He can perfect his plans for blowing up the civil-rights issue. But all this may well be too little and too late, for Harriman is still confronted by the cold mathematics of the delegate count as the convention draws close. That count, including first-ballot votes pledged and indicated (see box), shows:

Stevenson	432
Kefauver	193
Harriman	140
Lyndon Johnson	89
Stuart Symington	60
Favorite Sons	266
On the Fence	188
Needed to Nominate	680

Confronted by Stevenson's big lead, Averell Harriman and his forces know that, to win, they must shake the party awake and set it to hollering. Adlai Stevenson and his supporters think they can keep it still and quiet until the decisive ballot. The care and feeding of the Baby, between now and the first roll call, may well be the decisive factor in Chicago.

POLITICAL NOTES

Re-Enlistment in Kentucky

At week's end the Kentucky Republican State Central Committee got the news that it was hoping to hear. From John Sherman Cooper came a telegram saying that he would give up his job as Ambassador to India after all, and would run for the unexpired (four years) U.S. Senate term of the late Alben Barkley.

For able John Cooper, twice elected to unexpired terms and twice defeated for full terms in the Senate,* the decision was an about-face from his earlier statements. Reason for the change of heart: President Eisenhower had personally persuaded him to run (against Kentucky's former Governor Lawrence W. Wetherby). Cooper could not fail to get the nomination: moreover, his standing in Kentucky would give him a better-than-even chance of winning the election.

Cooper was at least the third candidate personally recruited this year by President Eisenhower in an effort to people the Congress with his kind of Republicans (others: Oregon's Douglas McKay, Washington's Arthur Langlie). Among both politicians and pundits, Cooper's decision was widely accepted as a sign that Ike himself is planning to run again.

Happy's Days Are Here Again

When Kentucky's Governor A. B. (for Albert Benjamin) Chandler tried this spring to hand-pick the Democratic candidates in his state's two U.S. Senate races, he lost two quick falls to Senator Earle Clements and former Governor Lawrence Wetherby. Last week, in the latest round of Kentucky's Democratic wrestle, fast-moving "Happy" Chandler pinned both Clements and Wetherby to the mat and then began to stomp around the ring, waving and mugging at the crowd like a new champion.

In county and state conventions, Chandler had won unchallenged control of the state Democratic organization. His immediate rewards: endorsement as Kentucky's favorite-son candidate for President (with the state's 30 national-convention votes pledged to him until he releases them), election to the posts of Democratic National Committeeman and permanent chairman of the state convention, installation of his supporters in every key spot in the party organization.

Thus entrenched, Chandler let it be known that his presidential ambitions are not to be taken lightly. "We think now a deadlock [at the national convention] is definitely certain," he said. "We are shooting for the top spot. If a deadlock occurs, this may be our time." Seeking a psychological edge over other presidential hopefuls, Chandler began bargaining with

Alabama to yield its No. 1 spot on the national Democratic roll call so that his name will be the first placed in nomination. If all else fails, he hinted, he might be willing to swap Kentucky's 30 votes for the vice-presidential spot on a ticket with New York's Averell Harriman.

How had Happy come back so far so fast? Simple: he ordered some 20,000 state employees to work and vote for him in the county and state conventions—or lose their jobs. "Not since Huey Long bulldozed his way to power in Louisiana has any man used such Gestapo-like tactics to gain a political goal," fumed the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. "Happy and his cohorts have drawn the line at nothing."

Such criticism did not ruffle Happy. "Isn't that a sad thing?" he beamed. "It all depends on whose ox is gored. We simply had the longest horns, and we did the most goring. Politics, you know, gets a little rough, and if you can't stand the gaff, you better get out of the game."



RODIN'S "THREE SHADES"
The gate of hell was closed.

REPUBLICANS

The Nude Deal

The official program of the Republican National Convention was on the presses. "Peace, Progress, Prosperity" read the slogan on the cover; "Unity" read the label near the top. The illustration: a photograph that at first glance looked like unity, all right. It was a famed sculpture by France's Auguste (The Thinker) Rodin (1840-1917), showing three muscular men, their lowered heads together, their arms and bodies touching one another with fluid force. They were also nude.

It was the nudity that first attracted attention. Last week Republican women in San Francisco, where the programs were being printed, complained about what they called obscenity. What was worse, as the ladies—and then G.O.P. officials—discovered to their horror, was that Rodin had titled his work *The Three Shades*, and had done it for a project

called *The Gate of Hell*. Rodin had also conceived a legend for the statue, taken from Dante: "Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here."

San Francisco's Republican Mayor George Christopher and Edward V. Mills, chairman of the Host Committee for the convention, took one horrified look and sprang into action. "I wouldn't say," reckoned the mayor, "that it's a very healthy way to depict the Republican Party." Eying the photo sharply, he concluded: "These three guys look like they've been kicked." Chairman Mills, noting that the cover was selected by Art Director Leo Mannheim under the supervision of Public Relations Man Bruce Ellis, added: "These three guys in the statue were supposed to be agreeing on something, but I don't know what the hell they were agreeing on, and I don't think Ellis and Mannheim knew either."

The cover, already approved by some unidentified but obviously imperceptive official of the Republican National Committee, was junked. The more appropriate replate: a photo of a smiling (and fully clothed) Dwight Eisenhower.

DEFENSE

The Air Force We Need

"There are no experts on the Soviet Union," said Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining one day last week, "just people with varying degrees of ignorance." For a man just back from a carefully shepherded, eight-day inspection of Soviet aviation, it was a prudent remark. But as a press conference quickly established, Twining's visit to Moscow had led him to some firm conclusions about Russia. The most important: the U.S. is out in front of Soviet airpower and should be able to stay there.

Talking to newsmen at Gettysburg, where he went to report to President Eisenhower, Twining slightly modified the stand he took in February (when he told a Senate committee that the Russians "have overtaken us in quantity" and "are closing the quality gap" upon which the U.S. depends for its lead in the airpower race). Last week Twining said that while the Russians probably have more jet aircraft than the U.S., "it's not numbers now [but] the mission of what they are going to do. That is the distinction."

Did that mean, asked a reporter, that the U.S. is still in the lead? "Qualitatively, we are out in front," Twining replied. "No question about that." Is there any question about the U.S.'s staying there over the next four years? Emphatically, Twining answered, "Not that I see. No. Just keep working." But the U.S. must not "go to sleep."

In differing with respected colleagues such as SAC Chief Curtis LeMay, who last spring warned that by 1960 the Soviet air force would be the world's mightiest, Twining was taking into account information that had not been available to LeMay: what he and his aides had seen, heard and sensed in Russia (TIME, July 9).

*Elected in 1946 to fill the unexpired term (two years) of A. B. ("Happy") Chandler, who resigned to become U.S. Commissioner of Baseball; defeated in 1948 by Virgil Chapman; elected in 1952 to fill the unexpired term (two years) after Chapman died; defeated in 1954 by Alben Barkley.

His official evaluation was given only to the President, the Pentagon's top brass, and members of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, which heard him in secret session later in the week. But for the rest of the nation, Twining offered some comforting, professionally cautious optimism: regardless of Russian advances, the U.S. has "the Air Force we should have, at this time, today."

Charlie & the Whale

For two long days last week, while ashes from chain-smoked cigarettes dribbled down the front of his blue suit, Defense Secretary Charles Wilson faced up to a drumfire attack on defense policy directed at him by Democrats on the Senate's airpower subcommittee. Sometimes he answered questions with the weary patience of a father harassed by a child; sometimes he wandered unresponsively, while senatorial patience frayed. But always—with remarkable success for Engine Charlie Wilson—he fought to keep a curb on his shop-foreman's tongue.

Like Any Other Funds. Calmly Wilson told the committee he knew that such earlier witnesses as Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining and SAC Boss Curtis LeMay had warned that the Soviet Union might overtake the U.S. in airpower. But frankly, he disagreed with them. Some of the disagreement he attributed to honest differences of opinion, some to congressional misinterpretation, some to "eager-beaver" speechwriters of the armed forces. But he was sure that the U.S. has and will keep an all-important qualitative lead over the Russians.

The U.S. will "buy more" B-52s when it needs them, Wilson said, but in the meantime, the \$960 million Congress tacked to the Eisenhower Administration's defense-appropriation bill for stepped-up production of the intercontinental bombers will "be treated just like any other funds."

Not until Washington's needling Senator Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson questioned him about his famous crack "phony" (TIME, July 2) did Engine Charlie's practiced patience wear thin. Wilson had said that he meant a reporter's question about congressional appropriations raised a "phony" issue, but Democratic Senators contended he had accused Congress of taking a "phony" stand.

JACKSON: Are you sorry that you used the word phony?

WILSON: I don't think I could say I am sorry about it. I am sorry about the interpretation . . . I thought it was political and not personal.

JACKSON (sputtering): You mean you thought—that was political?

WILSON: What was said about me on the floor of the Senate.

JACKSON: Do you feel that you owe an apology to the Congress?

WILSON: I do not, and if you want to be technical, it would not be out of order for certain Senators to apologize to me.

JACKSON: About what?

WILSON: Well, you are one of them.

Later, as tempers flared still higher, North Carolina's salty Democratic Senator Sam Ervin cut smoothly between the two, reminded them that "Jonah made a very wise remark to the whale. He told the whale if he had kept his mouth shut, that thing wouldn't have happened." Both Jackson and Engine Charlie joined in the laughter and later shook hands.

Support for the Secretary. But for all that, Democrats still contended that Wilson's testimony was in conflict with that of some of the other witnesses. The committee would recall several, said Chairman Stuart Symington, to see if the contradictions could be explained. That suited Engine Charlie fine. Given time to study the matter, he said, he would be glad to return before the committee and clear up whatever was puzzling the Senators.

At week's end, after General Twining had reported on his visit to Russia, his views seemed to support what Charlie Wilson had been saying right along.



MAYOR DALEY

Arthur Siegel

The Fourth of July was joyous.

ILLINOIS

Daley Life in Chicago

In a little office on North Clark Street in Chicago, two men met to talk business. The deal: how to muscle into the thriving Chicago Restaurant Association and take control of it. Said James Weinberg to Paul ("Needle Nose") Labriola: "We'll have to kill Teitelbaum, but we don't want a big uproar in the papers. We'll push him out of his office window. He's in income-tax trouble, and everybody will think it was suicide."

Without knowing it, Needle Nose and Weinberg were, on that day in 1953, spilling their plans into a "bug," i.e., a hidden microphone. On the floor above, a husky cop named Joe Morris tore off his earphones, made for the office of Lawyer Abraham Teitelbaum, counsel and general organizer of the Restaurant Association. The cops glued a 24-hour bodyguard around Teitelbaum; later Labriola and

Weinberg were found drugged and strangled in the trunk of an abandoned car—presumably because the mob considered that they were both hot and tacky.

Wrong Bug. As chief investigator of a super-secret intelligence unit of the Chicago police dubbed Scotland Yard, Joe Morris had, since 1952, been painstakingly gathering data on Chicago gangsters and their political friends. His tactic: pick up a hoodlum, e.g., Sam ("Golf Bag") Hunt,* grill him, set him free, tail him. With the help of surveillances, wire taps and bugs, Morris filled five filing cabinets with intelligence on 600 "syndicate" mobsters, 8,000 lesser hoodlums, and a disturbing number of his fellow cops and assorted politicians.

Last year, the Cook County Democratic machine decided to drop Morris' patron and chief protector, Reform Mayor Martin Kennedy, in favor of County Clerk Richard J. Daley (a key Illinois tactician for Presidential Candidate Adlai Stevenson). During the campaign, Morris was tripped up as he tried to bug the hotel room of a suspect who had powerful connections with the county committee. Word got to Candidate Daley that Scotland Yard was working against him. Observed the *Daily News*: "Predictions were made . . . that the election of Mayor Daley would mean the disbanding of Scotland Yard."

Ten-Year Setback. The prediction came true. Last month Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor ordered the Scotland Yard office to cease work immediately, had it padlocked and guarded round the clock, reassigned the unit's officers. Complained Chicago's Crime Commission Director Virgil Peterson: "Now the police department is back where it was ten years ago as far as hoodlums are concerned."

On Independence Day Chicago hoodlums and their pals celebrated around a champagne fountain at the plush River Forest home of Mobster Tony Accardo (heir to a strip of Al Capone's toga). The Accardo soiree, an annual affair, had a different spirit this year. Where once his guests had slipped their black limousines into a hidden parking lot on the Accardo property, they now made an open show of their attendance, and the Big Boss's gardens rang with fresh and ominous joy.

Inevitably, the bookie joints unfurled in the Chicago Loop last week like so many Fourth of July flags. Processing the bets were highly organized wire rooms where the big bookies sat at banks of telephones, raked in a take every dollar as good as the rackets produced in Capone's heyday. All this confirmed the Crime Commission's long-held fear that the town would be opened up shortly after last year's election.

As for Mayor Daley and Commissioner O'Connor, they said they were merely "decentralizing" the police department.

© A Capone bodyguard, Sam was the first to discard the accustomed violin case, carried his Tommy gun in a zoft bag.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE COMMONWEALTH

The Talks Were Helpful

The mystical ties that bind the Commonwealth (*née* 1926 the British Commonwealth) get more mystical each year. Its 650 millions are not united by allegiance to the Crown (India and Pakistan refuse it), or by common culture, or by language, religion or policy. The nine Commonwealth Prime Ministers gathered in London last week ranged from South Africa's racist Johannes Strydom, a Boer who dislikes the British influence almost as much as he dislikes Indians, to India's Jawaharlal Nehru, who is heard in such surroundings with some deference but little affection. They did not talk in council about matters that touched some of them most, e.g., Kashmir, for if too much practicality were let in the door, the mystical would fly out the window. "The Commonwealth is split on too many specific issues to act in concert," said London's *Economist*.

Hope & Warmness. And so they talked of many things—the kind of discreet chatting so beloved by Sir Anthony Eden. They talked of Communism's new directions, hopefully on the part of Nehru, warily on the part of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. (The final communiqué artfully alloyed both the hope and the warmness.) They agreed on wishing that the Formosa situation may not get out of hand. The Asian Commonwealth members wanted more trade with Communist China, and wanted the Reds in the U.N.; others for the present held back. Eden wanted the Commonwealth to share some of the responsibility for the bases that link it together, and got nowhere. He also explained his troubles with Greece over Cyprus—and got unexpected and able help from Pakistan's Mohammad Ali, who shares the misgivings of the Turks.

Some were quick to say that all this meant nothing, and others to say how helpful the discussions were. The truth seems to be that the Commonwealth, which means a great deal to some of its older hands, is to some of its proud and newer independents only a forum, another gathering place on the international circuit, which is acceptable so long as it makes no demands. An uncoerced assemblage, the Commonwealth often finds its strength defined by the willingness of its least enthusiastic members.

Wish to Continue. The only specific agreement reached at the conference reflected this fact. Britain agreed to transfer its fine Trincomalee naval anchorage and R.A.F. base at Katunayaka to Ceylon. In return, Ceylon offered to maintain there for the British "certain facilities enjoyed at present for communications, movements and storage." Britain offered to help Ceylon train its armed forces, and Ceylon accepted. For the British, this constituted a graceful retreat. And for the newest Prime Minister, Ceylon's Solomon



CEYLON'S BANDARANAIKE
In the door and out the window.

Bandaranaike, who rode to office last April shouting demands that the British get out, it was a sensible compromise.

By the light of the old imperialists, this was rather a sorry solitary achievement. But in all the shifts and strains of colonialism and anti-colonialism, it was still something that a relationship originally founded on exploited and exploiting should have evolved into a tie, however ephemeral, that its members find of some value and wish to continue.

GREAT BRITAIN

Tonbridge to Newport

Four weeks ago, Anthony Eden's Tories got the shock of their lives in the Kent countryside of Tonbridge. Presumably no district in all England could be rated safer for the Tories: in last year's general election, it went Tory by 10,196 votes. Yet, in a by-election at Tonbridge in June, the Tory candidate squeaked through by only 1,602 votes.

Tory second-guessers were quick with explanations: poor local organization, the natural apathy of Conservative voters when their party is securely in power, a purely parochial resentment against national headquarters for bypassing a favorite son in favor of an outsider. But underlying all such glib alibis lay the gloomier suspicion that the Tonbridge vote reflects a growing dissatisfaction with the Tories among Britain's hard-pressed middle classes, who are feeling the pinch of inflation.

Last week, at another by-election in Newport, Monmouthshire, the Tories conducted a campaign designed to correct all the minor faults envisioned at Tonbridge. Big names by the score journeyed down from London to counter local apathy at

the polls. The Tory candidate, 30-year-old Stockbroker Donald Box, was a local product: his Labor opponent, Sir Frank Soskice, an outsider. The choice between them rested with an electorate whose light Labor majority is well-tempered by a solidly Conservative bloc of prosperous farm owners, shopkeepers and small businessmen. The result: 6,811 fewer voters went to the polls than last year, yet Labor increased its majority by 4,125 votes.

THE KREMLIN

Disappointing Journey

A year ago, while he was still ostensibly editor of *Pravda*, hulking Dmitry Shepilov earned himself an overnight reputation as a diplomat by setting up Egypt's arms deal with the Communists. Accordingly, when Shepilov, now Soviet Foreign Minister, set out three weeks ago to revisit the scene of his original triumph, European chancelleries nervously braced themselves for further Soviet coups.

But even for a Soviet diplomat, success is apt to depend less on personal skill than on the international appeal of the policies he is obliged to follow. Right from the start of his Middle Eastern tour, Shepilov ran into one setback after another. In Cairo, Shepilov's indication that Russia was prepared to underwrite the entire cost of the High Dam at Aswan was received with polite evasiveness by his old friend Lieut. Colonel Nasser, who, up until now at least, has indicated a clear preference for having the U.S., Britain and the World Bank finance his dam.

In Syria and Lebanon, the Soviet Foreign Minister found himself under heavy pressure to issue a statement flatly backing the Arabs against Israel, but for reasons of its own. Soviet Russia is not willing to go so far right now. Unable to do this, Shepilov tried to soothe his hosts with sweeping offers of economic aid. The Arab disappointed reaction was one familiar to Shepilov's Western counterparts. Said Lebanese Foreign Minister Selim Lahoud: "I wish I could say I am more satisfied than I really am."

Greece, whose ties with its NATO allies have been badly strained by the conflict over Cyprus, should have offered Shepilov ideally troubled waters in which to fish. On the Cyprus issue, however, his hands were tied by Russian reluctance to offend Turkey. (The Montreux Convention, which gives the U.S.S.R. access to the Dardanelles, expires this year.) Otherwise, Shepilov had little to offer the Greeks except the conventional invitation to Moscow—an invitation which Greece's staunchly pro-American Premier Karamanlis was in no hurry to snap up.

Last week, back in Moscow, fledgling Foreign Minister Shepilov had little to show for his trip and instead preferred to talk of the "urgency" of "what one calls 'normalization' or what I would call 'rapprochement' between the United States

and the U.S.S.R." But the ex-editor of *Pravda* soon showed that he had never been much of a newspaperman himself. "The U.S. press and radio," he said, "is still a Niagara of all sorts of lies and slanders. These irresponsible elements, which poison the atmosphere, should be muzzled."

Princely Reception

Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, once his country's King, then its Premier, still its most influential citizen, was given a royal welcome in Moscow last week. He came away aglow at the "astounding hospitality. As for the leaders of the Soviet government I have been privileged to meet. I am able to see their dynamism, clairvoyance, realism, charming simplicity of manner, remarkable comprehension of international relations and understanding of the aspirations of the Asian peoples." He gratefully accepted a Soviet offer to build and staff a hospital in the Cambodian capital, and invited the Soviet leaders to visit his country. B. & K. as gratefully accepted.

Mud in His Eye

In the current phase of the cold war, one of the severest trials of strength with the adversary involves the ability to belt down toast after toast without falling over. The Russians have the advantage of longer familiarity with the chosen weapon, which is usually vodka.

But they are apparently not willing to leave it at that. Last week in Rome, Italy's Foreign Minister Gaetano Martino, waiting to greet a distinguished German visitor, Konrad Adenauer, told of a triumph of toastmanship achieved by the hardheaded, steel-stomached old man on his visit to Moscow last September. Unaware of *der Alte's* heroic capacity for hard liquor, Communist Party Chief Khrushchev had proposed one toast after another at a state banquet, watching eagerly as the German Chancellor drained glass after glass of vodka. At the end of some 15 toasts, Adenauer was still going strong, and able to note a slight transformation in Khrushchev's drinking pattern that had taken place early in the match.

Next day, at the bargaining table, Konrad Adenauer slyly asked the Russians present how far a man could be trusted who matched a vodka toast with one of plain mineral water. Caught dead to rights, Russia's Khrushchev admitted his deception with a loud guffaw.

The Anxious Days of Poznan

In a coffee shop in Poznan one day last week a young girl kissed the hands of an American woman and then told her story. She had been one of hundreds of suspects rounded up by police after the Poznan bread-and-freedom-riots a week before (*TIME*, July 9). They had been herded into an airfield on the outskirts of town and forced to sleep two nights on the floor, had been fed on bread and water. "We are very, very afraid," said another of the Poles in the coffee shop.

"As soon as the foreigners have gone away, something terrible is going to happen to us. The government is terribly angry. Somebody is going to have to pay. It will be us."

"It is sending them to Russia that bothers us most," said another Pole. "Many of those mixed up in the riots were just young people. We saw what happened after the East German riots three years ago. Great carloads of Germans came through here on their way to Russia. We went down to the tracks to see them. We could not do much. They were hungry. We gave them food. Can't the U.N. do something to keep that from happening to us?"

Confused Response. The problem of Poznan troubled the Communists too.

could not be helped. This very human reaction, which was widely shared, was perverted into something else by some British Laborites, who deplored the Poznan uprising as a check to what they deemed to be the beneficent evolution of Communism. Laborite Richard H. S. Crossman, who flits in and out of the Bevan camp like an overgrown lightning bug, was upset that anyone outside should support those "desperate men who turned a peaceful demonstration into an armed uprising. We should frankly tell the Poles that armed insurrection is the one thing which could force the Russians to reverse their new-lock policy." Fortunately, not everyone in the Labor Party was so ready to believe that it was a new-found benevolence in the Kremlin, rather than



BURIAL OF THE VICTIMS OF POZNAN
Admiration from abroad, but no way to help.

"The basis for the bloody riots was the dissatisfaction of the workers," the Polish party organ *Trybuna Ludu* admitted. (The Russian charge that it was all stirred up by the Americans was not repeated in Poznan, where the people knew better.) There were signs of a conflict between Party Secretary Edward Ochab (once described by Stalin as "a Communist with some teeth in him"), who was said to be for reprisals, and Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz, a turncoat Socialist and ex-inmate of Nazi concentration camps (four years in World War II), who was for continuing to ease conditions. Neither apparently disagreed with the notion of making an example of strike leaders: it was the presumably more lenient Cyrankiewicz who talked of chopping off any hands raised against the state.

The confusion among the Communists as to how to respond to Poznan had its counterpart outside the Iron Curtain. where admiration for the brave resisters was tempered by the sad realization that they must pay for their defiance and

pressures from the people, that was producing any bettering of conditions.

National Shrine. In Poznan, workers were back on their jobs full shift, and, as part of the appearance of leniency, were given a first installment "tax rebate" of 1,000,000 zlotys (\$300,000 by official rates, \$15,000 in fact). An anxious quiet settled over the city.

"A good idea of how the workers really feel was seen last Sunday," reported *TIME* Correspondent Ed Clark. "Street blockades and barriers were down at last, and Sunday strollers were out all over the city. But most of them, many thousands, made a pilgrimage past security-police headquarters, with its smashed windows, its walls pocked by gunfire and blackened by Molotov cocktails, the scene of the longest and bitterest fighting. The crowds walked slowly, taking in everything, saying nothing. There were old men and women, young boys and girls, young couples with babies in carriages and in their arms, all walking with the solemnity of people visiting a national shrine."

Back to Heel

"It would be wrong," declared the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. last week, "to close one's eyes to the fact that certain of our friends abroad have not got to the bottom of the question of the personality cult." When it comes to getting to the bottom of something, nobody can beat the Kremlin's leaders. Down they went in their hip boots, sloshing around in a swamp of doubletalk, and throwing little bits of misinformation behind them, like cracker crumbs, for those who tried to follow them. But they were not very helpful guides for those who anxiously sought answers to the questions implicit in Khrushchev's historic attack on Stalin at the 20th Party Congress (TIME, June 11).

Moscow's long silence had been desperately hard on Western Communist leaders who, unlike their Russian masters, cannot rely on police terror and a controlled press to maintain discipline among the rank and file. Left to their own devices, men like Italy's Palmiro Togliatti, leader of the biggest Communist Party (2,130,000 members) outside the Iron Curtain, had begun to make their own explanations, and to talk recklessly of "polycentrism," i.e., independent policies for each of the world's Communist parties. Togliatti echoed publicly the unsatisfied questions of his own disillusioned followers: How could a tyrant like Stalin come to power under the Communist system? Why had the Kremlin leaders who now denounced Stalin tolerated his tyranny?

Making Explanations. What Togliatti demanded was a "Marxist" explanation of Stalinism, i.e., an explanation of particular events in terms of vast, impersonal historic forces. One such explanation—and the obvious one—for Stalin's rise to arbitrary power is the absence of checks and balances in the Communist system. Unable to concede this, Moscow's Central Committee offered an explanation which explained nothing: "The development of the personality cult was to an enormous extent contributed to by some individual traits of J. V. Stalin."

Firmly repudiating Togliatti's suggestion that Russia's present leaders were "co-responsible" with Stalin, the Central Committee advanced for the first time the unsubstantiated claim that there had in fact been a staunch "Leninist core" of the Central Committee and that on occasion it opposed Stalin's arbitrary use of power. "There were certain periods, for instance during the war years when the individual acts of Stalin were sharply restricted . . . Members of the Central Committee and also outstanding Soviet war commanders took over certain sectors of activity in the rear, and at the front made independent decisions."

Who's a Coward? "It might be asked," noted the resolution, "why these people did not take an open stand against Stalin and remove him from leadership." The answer, said the Central Committee, flatly

contradicting Khrushchev's earlier admission that Stalin's subordinates were afraid to risk their necks, was not "that there was a lack of personal courage." It was, rather, that:

¶ "The success of Socialist construction and the consolidation of the U.S.S.R. were attributed to Stalin . . . Anyone who had acted in that situation against Stalin would not have received support from the people."

¶ "Such a stand would have been regarded as . . . a blow against the unity of the party and the whole state."

¶ "The successes which . . . the Soviet Union attained . . . created an atmosphere in which individual mistakes and shortcomings seemed less important."

¶ "Many wrong actions of Stalin, especially as regards the violation of Soviet law, became known only after his death."

Coming from the old Stalin gang, who



James Whitmore—Left
COMMUNIST TOGLIATTI
Yes, boss.

had prospered under him, executed his will and shared his guilt, this explanation was feeble indeed. In the light of the searching and troubled questions asked by Togliatti, France's Thorez and other party leaders abroad, it was in fact so intellectually weak as to be insulting. Worse yet, from Togliatti's point of view, the resolution contained the first public rebuke he had ever received from Moscow. Snapped the Central Committee: "One cannot in particular agree with Comrade Togliatti when he asks whether Soviet society has not reached 'certain forms of degeneration.' There are no foundations for such a question."

But one thing it did do was to show who was boss. Responding to the whistle like a well-trained dog, Moscow-wise Palmiro Togliatti promptly came to heel. He voiced "unreserved approval" of "the line followed by the Soviet comrades in the construction of a socialist society." Then

to get a little better reading on just what the line was, he dispatched to Moscow a team of three top Italian Communists. In France, party leaders announced that they were satisfied with the explanation too. For the present at least, all the brave talk of polycentrism and individual thinking was at an end. Or supposed to be.

WEST GERMANY

Misbehaving G.I.s

The cartoon in West Germany's *Kaseler Zeitung* pictured an American soldier kicking a German civilian while his buddy tossed a whisky bottle through a barroom window. "Our army will protect us from our enemies," said the caption, "but who will protect us from our friends?" Throughout West Germany last week the prestige of the American G.I. suffered similar blows as the press, long restrained in its treatment of G.I. offenses, took off the gloves.

Part of the wave of criticism was an understandable resentment at the continued presence of foreign troops. Some of it was clearly exaggerated, e.g., many cases of "rape" turn out to be simple default of payment to accommodating *fräuleins*. But there was also a disturbing upsurge in serious crimes and misdemeanors committed by G.I.s (who may not be tried in German criminal courts); officially, the Army says its statistics show no such increase, but privately, Army authorities admit that there is trouble on hand. Items from last week's docket:

¶ In Bad Hersfeld, Private John A. Bangas, 20, got a dishonorable discharge and 30 years in prison for raping a 17-year-old German girl and attacking two other women after tanking up on twelve beers, two screwdrivers, two whisky sours, two martinis, two Tom Collinses, two gin fizzes and a double cognac.

¶ In Dachau stockade, Private Elgie Newton, 18, is awaiting court-martial for lobbing a hand grenade into the crowded Seventh Heaven Bar, wounding eight U.S. soldiers and nine Germans.

¶ In Wertheim, Private Ralph T. McFarlane, 18, was sentenced to die for the murder of a ferryboat operator with a six-inch hunting knife.

¶ In Munich, Sergeant James W. Little, 26, winner of the Bronze Star and three Purple Hearts in Korea got a dishonorable discharge and a year in prison for indecent assault on a Bavarian girl.

In what may prove to be the beginning of a trend, the Bavarian Landtag (Parliament) has asked the Seventh Army's commander, Lieut. General Bruce C. Clarke, to curb his troops. The Landtag's suggestions: 1) reduce free time, 2) put disreputable joints off limits, 3) stagger G.I. pay to prevent en masse rushes into German villages on payday, U.S. Army commanders promised more vigilant policing by military patrols, stricter off-limits regulations. In return, they urged German authorities to clean up nightclubs (many of which victimize the G.I.) and control prostitution.

Half-Step Forward

Shortly after 3 one morning last week, nearly 500 weary members of West Germany's Bundestag straggled red-eyed out of Bonn's slick, brass-trimmed Parliament house into the bright dawn. Behind them lay 16 hours of acrimonious debate which had ended in a half-step forward for West Germany's rearmament program: the passage, by a vote of 270-166, of military conscription.

The Socialist Party, West Germany's second largest, had fought a bitter delaying action. During the second reading, all 145 Socialist Deputies walked out of the Bundestag in protest against the speed with which Chancellor Adenauer's government coalition was pushing the bill through. Returning to the attack at the bill's final reading, fiery Socialist Deputy Fritz Erler harped on the nightmare fear that West German rearmament would end all hope of reunification of Germany, and protested that the Germans were being asked to arm at a time when others are reducing their arms. "The twelve West German divisions will be the last tin soldiers of the cold war," he cried.

Konrad Adenauer was relaxed and confident: "We must look at things realistically," he said. "The Russians are working closer and closer to Europe by way of the Mediterranean. To the tune of Russian peace flutes, the encirclement of Europe has concentrated on the Mediterranean. We are in one of the exciting phases of the cold war. If we fold our hands, the cold war will take a fatal turn."

Pushed through by Adenauer's iron will, the bill was less than all he desired. Unable to get the Upper House to agree to 18 months' service for conscripts and unwilling to accept a counteroffer of twelve months, Adenauer settled for a law which fails to specify how long draftees must serve but nonetheless gets the defense machinery to work. West German officials swear that they will keep their promise to have 96,000 men in uniform before the end of the year and a 500,000-man force in NATO by 1960.

FRANCE

The Price of Napoleons

As they have for generations, Frenchmen hedge their bets on the future by buying up and hoarding "napoleons"—golden 20-franc pieces. Napoleons are thus the truest reflection of a small Frenchman's faith, or lack of faith, in his government's financial stability. Last week, after a climb of 30% in the past ten months, the price of the gold napoleon stood at 3,310 francs (about \$9.45), the highest since the nervous last days of the war in Indo-China. In bullion terms, this made the napoleons worth \$50 per

* The coins were first minted under Louis XIII, but take their name from Napoleon I, who put his own portrait on them when he was consul. For most of the past century they have displayed a republican rooster, but "napoleons" they remain.

oz., v. the U.S. price of \$35 for world gold transactions.

The reason for the rise in napoleons is not hard to find, even though France is enjoying good times and has even hung on to the same Premier (Socialist Guy Mollet) for six months now. Two weeks ago the Mollet government gave France the bad tax news to accompany the increase in old-age pensions that the Assembly recently approved. This will add \$400 million to the tax bill, to be met by surtaxes on salaries, by an added six francs on the price of every *apéritif*, and by a special tax on automobiles, rigged to discriminate against U.S. cars. (Cars with less than 16 h.p. will be taxed \$9 to \$23 a year; cars above 16 h.p.—none are mass-produced in France—will be taxed a whopping \$285 a year.)

This week France got yet another financial jolt: a new tax on French cigarettes,

price of the 213 commodities (sausages, *vin rouge*, coal, linoleum) that make up the official cost-of-living index, the Mollet government has succeeded in holding the index itself relatively steady while most other prices are shooting up. Should the index jump two more points (to 149.1), minimum wages for 20 million workers would automatically increase 5%, setting another inflationary spiral. Said one French economist last week: "The sea is lapping at the dike."

PAKISTAN

Polygamy Succeeded

"Marry such women as seem good to you, two, three or four," the Holy Koran exhorts the faithful, "but if you fear you will not be equitable, then only one, or what your right hands own, so it is likelier you will not be partial." Through 13



AMBASSADOR MOHAMMED ALI & SECOND WIFE

Yes, ladies.

raising their price by 4¢ a pack. The cigarette tax (estimated annual return: \$63 million) is only the first of a series of new levies by which the Mollet government hopes to raise \$285 million to pay the costs of the Algerian war.

Hopefully, the government described the Algerian war taxes as "temporary and extraordinary." Last week, however, as Moslem residents of Algiers marked the 126th anniversary of French conquest of the city with a one-day general strike, there seemed little likelihood that France would soon be able to withdraw the enormous (half a million men) and expensive (\$2.9 million a day) force it currently maintains in Algeria. And, temporary or not, the new taxes clearly point to a continuation of the steady price rise, which since January has increased the minimum budget on which a Parisian family of four can live from \$188 to \$209 a month.

So far, by artful manipulation of the

centuries, Moslem males have enjoyed polygamy and insisted that they have avoided partiality. But the truth is quite otherwise, to hear the 20,000 members of the All-Pakistan Women's Association tell it. "If any man is honest with himself and understands human nature," argued one passionate Pakistani feminist, "he will realize that he cannot treat four wives equally."

The feminists found something to focus their anger on last April, when then Prime Minister Mohammed Ali* made his pretty young social secretary his second wife. In response to the outcry, the government assigned an advisory Commission on Marriage and Family Laws (four men and three women) to chart out the dangerous ground between the feminists and the

* Now Pakistan's Ambassador to the U.S., and not to be confused with the present Prime Minister, whose name is Mohamad Ali.

powerful polygamy lobby—Moslem mullahs who seek a theocratic state, and would, according to their critics, confine Pakistan to a 9th-century Arab feudal pattern.

The commission sent out thousands of questionnaires in Urdu, English and Bengali, last week reported six to one for reform. Henceforth, it recommended, Pakistani males should get permission for second marriages from special new courts of matrimony; they should prove themselves able to support two families; they should not marry again "merely . . . to marry a prettier or younger woman." The commission added that child marriages and the sale of brides should be outlawed.



MAKARIOS IN SEYDIHELLES ISLAND EXILE
Peace may be farther away than ever.

International

and that women and men should have equal rights of divorce. As of now, Pakistanis can divorce their wives in Islamic fashion by saying "I divorce thee" three times in their presence.

"Polygamy," said the commission, "is prompted by the lower self of men who are devoid of refined sentiments." Anticipating objections from the mullahs, the commission insisted that it was not amending the Koran—only reading it right. The commission then went on to grapple with the touchy and important problem of reconciling progress with religion in a nation whose principal basis for being was its Moslem faith. The commission appealed to the right of *ijtihad*, or exercise of individual judgment within the broad framework of the revealed word. Moslem law, said the commission, holds that in the Koran "what is not definitely prohibited is permissible," and the failure of Moslems to exercise this right of individual judgment is the reason for the "universal backwardness" of the Moslem peoples in the past three centuries. "No nation can stand aside as an idle or wondering onlooker while the world progresses rapidly."

TURKEY

Another Country Heard From

Cyprus is a sore subject involving three presumably friendly nations, and two of them have long since made their views noisily plain. Last week came word from the third nation: Turkey.

It has always been the Greek contention that the Turks do not really care about Cyprus, and have only been stirred up by perfidious Albion. Though the Turks deny this, the fact is they have been quiet all along, even though there are 100,000 Turkish Cypriots as well as 400,000 Greek Cypriots involved. Then why their silence? The Turks answer that they had no

Eastern frontier with Russia, and the day may come when Turkey and Britain will want to act in the Middle East, and Greece will not. "The Egyptian government has opened the door to Soviet penetration of the Middle East," Menderes went on. "Why should we consent to place the whole future of Turkey at stake?"

Friendship in Jeopardy. British retreat from Cyprus, said Menderes, would mean "an international disaster," and would upset the whole "delicate balance" of the 1923 Lausanne Treaty, under which—after much bloody fighting between Greek and Turk—Turkey formally ceded Cyprus to Britain and ceded many of the offshore islands and Western Thrace to Greece. "You take Cyprus away from that treaty and the whole edifice comes tumbling down," said one of Menderes' senior aides. "There are all kinds of claims that can be made legitimately upon Greek territory. I have my own little list . . ."

Concluded Menderes: "We cannot stand by and see the island turned over to Greece. We like and honor the Greeks. But we cannot sustain friendship by giving up what was always Turkish soil."

At week's end, midway through the Templer talks, word out of London was that the Eden government was "shocked" by the toughness of the Turkish position and was now going to eliminate the promise of self-determination (*i.e.*, eventual union with Greece) from the proposals Eden is about to submit to the Cypriots. This was not likely to please the leader of the Greek Cypriots, Archbishop Makarios, who is in exile in the Indian Ocean. Prospects of peace seemed to be receding again.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Law of the Land

By the smoky orange glow of torchlight, thousands of Vietnamese paraded through Saigon's streets last week to mark a milestone in their young nation's progress. Daily for more than three months, while the army of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem restored order to the rebel-infested countryside, 123 elected representatives (six of them women) had sat on straight-backed chairs in a dingy onetime French opera house in Saigon and hammered out the republic's first constitution. Now, as the nation celebrated Diem's second anniversary as Premier, the ten-chapter constitution was finished and in his hands for approval.

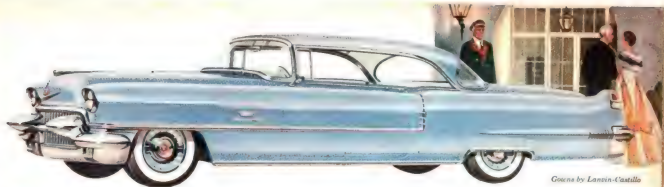
Though most of the Constituent Assembly members are Diem supporters, they did not accept his proposals supinely or find easy agreement among themselves. A relatively liberal document, the constitution nonetheless takes a realistic view of South Viet Nam's weakened national condition and the internal and external Communist threat to its security. It provides freedom of the press, speech and assembly—but gives Diem the right to suspend these freedoms in emergencies during the next four years. It denies Diem's demand to be allowed to dissolve the National Assembly at will—but pro-

desire to complicate the issue so long as the British held to their resolution not to leave Cyprus.

Last week Britain's General Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, flew into Ankara for urgent talks with Turkish leaders. "I am here as head of the British army," said General Templer. "If the issue of Cyprus is brought up, I will deal with it in my limited province as a military man." Presumably, however, he was there to acquaint the Turks with an Anthony Eden proposal to give the Cypriots self-rule and the right of self-determination within ten years.

Future of Stake. In interviews with the London *Daily Telegraph* and CBS, Turkey's Prime Minister Adnan Menderes made his case. "You are aware," he said, "that Greece has worked up this whole tremendous agitation simply to be able to annex an island 40 miles from Turkey and 600 or 700 miles from her own mainland. In doing so the Greek government has not hesitated to imperil the future of NATO, of the Balkan Pact (Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia) and of its own good relations with Britain and Turkey."

Turkey—unlike Greece—has a Middle



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vides him with a strong executive government at the expense of the legislative and judicial branches (following the U.S., more than the French model). The constitution's chief flaw, by Western standards: lack of provision for habeas corpus.

Under the provisions of the constitution, Premier Diem will become South Viet Nam's first President, for a six-year term, and the assembly members who forged the document will become the nation's first National Assemblymen, for four-year terms.

THE PHILIPPINES

Guests of Friends

Vice President Nixon flew to Manila last week for the tenth anniversary of Philippine independence (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) bearing a document that bolstered Filipino national pride more than all the speeches, parades and fireworks of the young nation's U.S.-style Fourth of July. The document: a U.S. agreement to "transfer and turn over to the Philippines" full and unqualified title to ownership of "all land areas used either in the past or presently as military bases" by the U.S. in the Philippines.

The document was designed to take the sting out of the sorest point of friction between the two countries. The issue has been synthetically whooped up by Filipino nationalists and complicated by maladroitness handling by U.S. authorities in the Philippines and in Washington. The Philippines Act of Independence of 1934 gave the U.S. the right to maintain bases there after the islands became independent. In 1947, a year after actual independence was granted, 23 such areas were defined, only three of them major: Clark Air Field, 50 miles north of Manila; the Navy's Subic Bay installations on the northwest shoulder of Bataan peninsula; and the Navy's Sangley Point Air Base at Cavite, on Manila Bay.

Most of the agitation against the U.S. concerned old Fort McKinley on Manila's southeast outskirts. Fort McKinley, taken out of service after World War II, has been eyed by real-estate promoters who would like to subdivide it. Two years ago Attorney General Brownell rendered an opinion that the U.S. has legal title to Philippine lands bought from private owners; most of Fort McKinley was bought in this manner long before World War I. In the mouths of Filipino extremists, this claim to "title" became a nasty assertion of "sovereignty."

President Magsaysay, staunch friend of the U.S., convinced Secretary of State Dulles during his visit to Manila last March that the U.S. position should be changed in the interests of both countries. The U.S. now agrees to "turn over" U.S.-owned "title papers and title claims" to the Philippines, thus upholding by implication the original validity of the U.S. claims. In effect, the statement changes little but accomplishes much. The U.S. will still have use of any bases stipulated by 1947 treaty, but as guests instead of owners.

INDIA

The Prince & the Drones

At 24, huge, black-bearded Sir Bhupinder Singh, autocrat of the princely State of Patiala, set out for France to mount a blooded stallion and lead his own private army of fighting Sikhs against the Kaiser's Germans in World War I. A princely spender even in the days when spending came easily to India's princes, Patiala's Maharajah was an enthusiastic cricketer and polo player as well, and his enthusiasm for the hunt was such that he was forced to import tigers by the dozen from neighboring states to eke out his own rapidly dwindling stock.

As time went on, however, the young

ing of giant squashes and citrus trees, and his evenings to planning the political future of his state.

If it had not been for the 15-odd sons of his father, who lived a life of medieval irresponsibility in a crumbling palace just down the road from his own, life might have been close to perfect. But there the brothers were—"those royal drones," as Yadavindra sometimes called them.

Darkness & Manure. Early in his reign, Yadavindra had pensioned off the young princes' mothers. Except for one or two of the sons who had gone off to take honest jobs (one as a cement salesman), the princes preferred to stay on, putting uselessly around their palace, complaining about the measly allowance (\$85



DISPOSSESSED ROYALTY IN PATIALA
No worse than a tiger shoot.

Sher Singh Gupta

Maharajah's other hobbies gradually gave way to a more consuming interest: collecting an unrivaled harem of eight senior wives (who were called Maharani and were privileged to eat off gold dinnerware) and 150 concubines (who were called Rani and ate off silver). At the time of his death at 46 in 1938, His Exalted Highness' unflagging devotion to these helpmeets had earned him the informal title, "His Exhausted Highness." The memory of that devotion was perpetuated in a nursery of 52 sons and daughters.

Concubines & Catalogues. The eldest of the children, Yadavindra Singh, a youth of 25 as black-bearded as his father and even handsomer, became the new Maharajah. Already married to a woman of his father's choice, Yadavindra began to seem an authentic chip off the old block when he took a second wife, but the resemblance was short-lived. A conscientious family man with a keen interest in a balanced budget, the young Maharajah shipped his first wife into retirement, settled down contentedly with his second, to collect, not concubines, but seed catalogues and brochures on farm machinery. Stripped in 1948 of his autocratic rule by the establishment of independent India, Yadavindra happily assumed the responsibilities of his new role as a salaried civil servant (\$105,000 a year plus an allowance of \$250,000), devoting his days to the rais-

a month) given them by the state, and explaining that they had lived in idleness too long to be expected to work. Two months ago, when the Indian tax bureau offered to buy the princes' palace as a new headquarters for itself, Yadavindra jumped at the chance to rid the neighborhood of his useless kinkof. He signed the deeds and served an evacuation notice. The princes refused to budge. "Is this a way to treat royalty?" one asked.

Undeterred, the Maharajah ordered the palace's electricity shut off. When that failed, he ordered truckloads of manure dumped into the drinking wells. At last he gathered together a crew of farm hands and laborers and carried the princes (together with a few stray concubines) bodily out of their palace. Displaying their first real spirit in years, the evacuated princes pitched tents on the roadside and settled in for a long stay. "All in all," said one of them, "it's not much worse than being in the jungles on a tiger shoot."

Last week, as the monsoon bore in on Patiala with its drenching rains, the evacuated princes pooled their meager resources and sent four of their brothers roaring off in tandem on two motorcycles to seek help from the national government in New Delhi. "This," proclaimed young Prince Bobby Singh, "is a test of democracy! If the Maharajah can treat royalty like this, what hope can there be for the masses?"

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

The Hat Passer

Still among the missing last week was Jesús de Galindez, the Columbia University lecturer who disappeared without a trace in Manhattan one night last March (TIME, April 2). Missing, too, was any solid evidence to fortify the widely publicized charge that the Dominican Republic's long-armed Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo had Galindez rubbed out for writing a devastating (but still unpublished) 750-page Ph.D. dissertation entitled *The Era of Trujillo*. And seemingly missing, according to stories printed by the New York *Herald Tribune*, was about \$500,000 that Galindez had collected as the U.S. representative of a shadowy Basque exile government.

Though born in Madrid, far from the rugged Basque region athwart the western Pyrenees, Galindez considered himself a citizen of the short-lived autonomous Basque republic abolished by Generalissimo Francisco Franco.* As an exile in the Dominican Republic (1939-46) and the U.S., Galindez kept in touch with the Paris "government" headed by José de Aguirre, first and only President of the Basque republic. Aguirre himself appointed Galindez as the official Basque representative and fund raiser in the U.S. In his half-yearly statements filed with the foreign agent section of the U.S. Department of Justice, Galindez reported taking in \$1,023,004 in contributions during the past seven years and paying out \$32,108 in expenses.

Asked about the balance last week, President Aguirre momentarily darkened Galindez' reputation by declaring that the exile government had received only \$500,000 or so from him. But in a later interview Aguirre explained that Galindez sent a large part of the funds he collected to the Basque underground in Spain and to various Basque welfare organizations scattered around the globe. "Every cent was accounted for," Aguirre insisted.

One striking fact stood out in the flurry of news about Galindez' fund raising: in the generous U.S. it is entirely possible for an obscure exile to pass the hat for the nonrecognized government of a nonexistent country—and take in a cool million.

* The Basques are fiercely proud of being a distinct ethnic group, different in origin and language from all other Europeans. Some ethnologists consider them a remnant of the peoples who inhabited Western Europe in the Stone Age; long before the neolithic Indo-European migrations from the east. In the complex Basque language—so difficult that, according to a Basque proverb, the devil himself failed to learn it in seven tries—stone is *aitz*, knife is *aitzo*. Though basically a mountain folk, Basques make good seamen, like to point out that the pilot of Columbus' flagship, the *Santa María*, was a Basque. A Basque legend has it, indeed, that a dying Basque seafarer told Columbus of the New World's existence.

COLOMBIA

Prosperous President

On a visit to a ranch, Colombia's cattle-raising President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla enthusiastically admired his host's prize bulls, offered to buy one. "Your Excellency," said the rancher, "I cannot accept money from the President. I will give you a bull as a gift." Replied Rojas, squaring his shoulders: "As President, I cannot accept a gift."

Rancher: Well then, Mr. President, I will sell you a bull—for one peso.

Rojas (handing him a bill): Here's 5 pesos.

Rancher: Mr. President, I have no change with me.

Rojas: That's all right. Just give me four more bulls.

Colombians tell this joke, and several variations of it, to sharpen the point that, as President, Gustavo Rojas Pinilla has done very well for himself. Before taking power, Lieut. General Rojas lived in a modest rented house. In three years he has become a multimillionaire, the nation's No. 1 cattleman. As of last week, Rojas owned at least nine ranches and tens of thousands of cattle, all branded "13," the lucky date in June 1953 when he brought off a swift military coup and began hurrying along the highway to wealth. Rojas has a fenced-off market for his beef: he supplies the nation's army commissaries, which not only provision the troops but sell to civilians as well.



CATTLEMAN ROJAS
Thirteen is the lucky number.

Rojas' favorite weekend hideout is his luxurious estate at Melgar. Since he acquired the place, millions of government pesos have gone into improving the highway that links it with Bogotá, the nation's capital, and millions more have been allotted for a rail spur from Melgar to the nearest railroad trunk.

Near Berastegui sprawls a 17,000-acre ranch that Rojas recently bought in an unusual auction. Originally the judge in charge of the sale insisted that the bidding start at 2,500,000 pesos. He was abruptly dismissed from his post. His successor lowered the starting bid by 800,000 pesos, and Rojas, the sole bidder, snapped up for 1,700,000 an estate worth an estimated 8,000,000.

Another Rojas ranch cost him nothing at all when the deal was completed. He bought a large estate at Gamarrá for 500,000 pesos, then turned right around and sold half of it—the poorer half. Price: 500,000 pesos. Buyer: an agency of the Rojas government.

ARGENTINA

Elections Promised

At the annual armed forces banquet last week, President Pedro Aramburu clamped his black-rimmed reading glasses firmly on his nose, then stood before a radio microphone to broadcast the answer to Argentina's biggest political puzzle. National, provincial and municipal elections, he promised, will be held late next year. Probable election month: October.

The question of a constituent convention, he explained, is still being studied. But before the elections a new voting law will be drawn "to replace the fraud" enacted under the regime of Juan Perón. To prove his impartiality, Aramburu emphasized that neither he nor any member of the present provisional government will be eligible to run for office.

CANADA

Le Bon Stratford

"Something extraordinarily promising has happened to the theater in Canada," wrote Critic Walter Kerr in New York's *Herald Tribune*. What particularly excited the admiration of Critic Kerr and the audiences was the adroit use of both French- and English-speaking actors in this year's Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont. Players drawn from bilingual Canada's two major language groups, acting in the plays of Shakespeare and Molière, are on-stage together for the first time in a unique theatrical bill that reflects the nation's dual cultural origins.

In its fourth season the Stratford Festival has a new director, Michael Langham, 36, of London's Old Vic, who took over early this year from Director Tyrone Guthrie. Guthrie and other founders of the festival, fearing that Canadian cultural development was being overwhelmed by

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CIGARETTE H	2.3	19.4
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TIME, JULY 16, 1956



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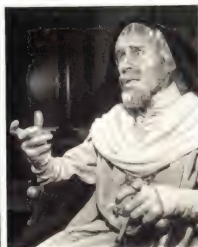
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U.S. influences,* hoped to make Stratford a distinctively Canadian theater. But new Director Langham detected a flaw in their approach: How could Canada claim Stratford as a national theater unless the country's French-speaking population was represented?

Henry V, the main Shakespeare work on this year's program, afforded an opportunity to experiment. Canadian-born Actor Christopher Plummer, who had a Broadway triumph as the Earl of Warwick in *The Lark* (TIME, Nov. 28, 1955), was cast in the title role. Opposite him, as the French King Charles VI, Langham put Gratien Gélinas, the ranking clown of French-Canadian musical revues. Members of Montreal's theatrical corps, schooled in the French acting tradition, were brought to Stratford to people the



Herb Nott & Co. Ltd.
GÉLINAS AS KING CHARLES VI
Two sets of nerves.

French scenes. The play was a solid hit, with Shakespeare's French and English contrasts made twice as vivid as a one-language company could play them. The effect in the battle scenes, one critic noted, "was of whole armies feeling their way toward battle with radically different sets of nerves."

Last week, it was the French Canadians' turn to take top billing. Twelve players from Montreal's Théâtre du Nouveau Monde turned in crackling, rapid-fire performances of three Molière one-act plays. Most of their audience was English-speaking, but the French actors' skilled miming as they romped through the Molière farces got the meaning across. The addition of the French plays and French style to the Stratford program was hailed not only as a theatrical coup, but also as a rare illustration of Canada's dual culture. "A fresh festival hit," cheered the Montreal *Star*, "and, probably more important, a significant step forward in intercultural understanding."

* Such fears are not widely shared in Canada. A Gallup poll last week showed that only 27% of Canadian adults believe that U.S. cultural influence is too strong in Canada.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At a Fourth of July garden party in the U.S. embassy in Moscow, U.S. Ambassador **Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen** led the Soviet Union's top toppers, **Nikita Khrushchev** and **Nikolai Bulganin**, to a table laden with Scotch and bourbon. TV crewmen popped a microphone under the nose of Bulganin, who genially obliged with a toast to the American people and the health of **Dwight Eisenhower**. As some 600 diplomats and tourists milled about the lawn, Khrushchev chortled to a startled U.S. sightseer: "We have a lot to learn from Americans [but] they are afraid we might find out some secrets of how to milk cows!" Boring in with pencil poised, New York Post gossipist Earl Wilson heard a New York neurologist ask Bulganin if it was true that psychiatrists are on call around the clock for all Russians. Bantered Bulganin: "I don't know. They haven't had me examined that way yet!" After an hour of such empty pleasantries, Host Bohlen escorted B. & K. out through a pet project of Mrs. Bohlen—a corn patch in the embassy's backyard. Somewhat full of corn himself, Khrushchev stepped right amongst the stalks, plucked at the leaves, advised Hostess Bohlen cheerfully: "These leaves need thinning out."

In their first official public appearance since their April wedding, Monaco's **Prince Rainier III** and Hollywood's **Princess Grace** rode forth from their palace to a Fourth of July Mass in the local cathedral, later watched a drill put on by the Cadets of the Prince, a boys' cadre sponsored by Rainier's spiritual preceptor and matchmaker, Father Francis



PRINCESS GRACE
Not yet.

International



EGYPT'S FAROUK & BROOD*
If ever.

Associated Press

Tucker of Wilmington, Del. Meanwhile, palace prattlers reported that Bishop Gilles Barthe of Monaco had been so bold as to ask the Prince if Grace is perchance in a family way. Rainier's careful reply: "Not for the moment."

A few paces away in tiny Monaco, Grandma **Marlene Dietrich** headed for Paris in a huff after Monte Carlo's stuffy old Casino refused to admit her in tendor pants. Another Monte Carlo visitor who fared worse than Marlene was spaniel-faced Cinemadman **Mischa** (*Something Always Happens*). **Auer**. He 1) broke an arm in a fall off a low stool, 2) then suffered a deep cut on his rump in a tumble from bed as he reached for a bottle (mineral water), 3) on rising from his bed of pain, met a friend whose hearty get-well backslap dislocated Auer's shoulder.

In home town Brockton, Mass., retired Heavyweight Boxing Champion **Rocky Marciano**, 33, never defeated in a professional bout, lay flat on his wrenched back in a hospital. The winner and new champion: Marciano's daughter Mary Ann, 3. As far as Loser Marciano could explain, he had injured his back while engaged with her in a game of catch—in which Mary Ann was the ball.

The **Duke of Edinburgh**, reported London's *Evening Standard*, has blossomed as an inventor. His brain child: a 38-ft. tablecloth containing "hundreds of yards of wire sandwiched between layers of felt and latex." When plugged in, the electrified tablecloth, spread over the royal board in the royal yacht *Britannia*, will provide power for electric candelabra placed anywhere upon it.

In Switzerland, fat, sad ex-King **Farouk** of Egypt, who still cherishes the notion that he was a benign despot, succeeded in

looking like a benign father. His three daughters (**Ferial**, **Fadia**, **Fawzia**) are by **Farida**, his first wife, who in three tries bore him no male heirs. At his knee, Farouk fondly held **Prince Ahmed Fuad II**, 3, a winsome lad and sole product of his second queen, **Narriman Sadek**.

FOR SALE: Playwright and screen star's hideout, 7 rooms, 3 baths, swimming pool, tennis court, terrace, two-car garage, small studio, 4 acres, \$229,500 (\$38,500 with 26 acres).

With this ad in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Playwright **Arthur** (*The Crucible*) **Miller** prepared to dispose of his home in Roxbury, Conn., where he is honeymooning with his buxom wife, Cinemactress **Marilyn Monroe**. Last week Miller and Marilyn got married all over again, this time by a rabbi in a doubling religious ceremony. At week's end Miller, having filed "further evidence of anti-Communism" with the State Department, got the passport for which he applied last May. State cautiously made it valid for only six months instead of the usual two-year period, but it freed Miller to wing to England this week with Mrs. Miller, who will forthwith step into the embrace of **Sir Laurence Olivier** in a new movie.

Exploding rumors of her timely death, crop-haired **Ana Pauker**, 62, Rumania's out-of-season Foreign Minister, granted an interview to a Western newswoman, according to Vienna's daily *Die Presse*, and seemed alive. Stripped of power in a 1952 intraparty fight (*TIME*, June 17, '52), old Hatchetwoman Pauker declined to talk politics ("I am an old woman") or pose for photographs, limited her observations to art, books and cooking.

* From left: Princesses Ferial and Fadia, Prince Ahmed Fuad, Princess Fawzia.



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CHAMPIONS HOAD & FRY

On the center court, blown hopes and fallen seeds.

European: Fox

Wimbledon Winners

MY GREIXAS! WHAT TANTRUMS. The polite but disapproving headline of London's *Daily Sketch* all but marked the end of U.S. hopes to hang on to the Wimbledon title that Tony Trabert used last year as his ticket to the pro ranks.

Out on the trim, worn turf of the center court at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, Philadelphia's handsome, aging (32) Vic Seixas (rhymes with gracious) blew a handsome lead. For most of five sets the crowd got some thrilling tennis. Then Seixas' styleless but often effective game came to pieces in the face of a couple of questionable calls. Glaring at the linesmen got him nowhere. "Get on with it!" called an irritated fan, but Seixas was through. Deft and deadly, Australia's young (21) Ken Rosewall ran out the match 6-3, 3-6, 6-8, 6-3, 7-5. While Vic ungraciously stopped his ears to drown out the cheers for the victor, Rosewall walked off to wait for his Sydney neighbor and tennis mate to overpower Rhodes Scholar Ham Richardson of Westfield, N.J., 3-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4, and assure Wimbledon's first all-Australian final ever.

Jitters on the Center Court. For all his pique, eighth-seeded Vic Seixas did better than many higher-seeded stars. Sweden's third-seeded Sven Davidson was knocked off by an Australian unknown named Ashley Cooper, 19. Fifth-seeded ex-Champion (1954) Jaroslav Drobný, 34, was whipped by India's Ramanathan Krishnan, 19, an agile giant with a weak serve and badly sprained ankle. Fourth-seeded Budge Patty, 32, fell to an up-and-coming Briton named Bobby Wilson, 20.

Even the women upset the pre-tournament odds. Riding high after winning 14 consecutive championships, New York's leggy Althea Gibson (TIME, June 4) succumbed to center-court jitters and was beaten in the quarter-finals by top-ranking U.S. Amateur Singles Star Shirley Fry. Althea took the defeat not as the end but merely as an interruption of her long, often lonely, journey out of Harlem to the top of the women's tennis heap. "I'll be

back here next year," she promised grimly. Earlier, pert little Beverly Baker Fleitz of California, the choice of many for the women's title, seemed bothered by a mild cold. A visit to the doctor brought a somewhat different diagnosis—Mrs. Fleitz was pregnant. She dropped out of the tournament immediately. With Althea and Beverly gone, Shirley Fry had it all to herself. She disposed of top-seeded Louise Brough, then romped through the final against Britain's Angela Buxton, 6-3, 6-1.

Out of the Backyard. The men finalists managed to provide more suspense. Big blond Lew Hoad, 21, who houses cat-quick grace in the frame of a fullback, was out to prove that this is his year. Already holder of the Australian and French championships, Lew wanted the Wimbledon title badly. It and a victory in the U.S.



LOSER GIBSON
"I'll be back."

European: Fox

SPORT

Nationals at Forest Hills later this summer could earn him the second tennis grand slam in history (the other: Don Budge in 1938) and a fat pro contract.

Young Lew wasted little time, tried from the opening rally to rub his superior power like rough sandpaper against Ken Rosewall's subtler game. The two whacked out some of the best tennis of the tournament. Then Lew Hoad, after a brief, second-set lapse, put Rosewall away, 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4. Australian visitors were happy to underplay their pride. "I flew over 5,000 miles to see this match," laughed one fan from Down Under, "and what do I watch? The same players I see in my backyard all year long."

Through all the excitement, eleven poker-faced Russians took in the matches and tried some volleying of their own. Their tennis was dreadful, but they were not embarrassed. They had come to learn, not to show off. The Russians were dicker with Australia's Harry Hopman and Britain's Fred Perry to come to Moscow and teach the art of peaceful competition on the tennis court. "We are a long way from Hoad's game," admitted one of the tourists. "But just wait."

Money in the Bank

The wage theories of big-league baseball players have always been as uncomplicated as the appetite of Oliver Twist. What they want is more. What they will get, announced Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick last week, is exactly that. For the privilege of broadcasting the next five years' All-Star and World Series games on radio and television, NBC has promised to pay a whopping \$16,250,000. And, since 60% of the profits is already earmarked for the nine-year-old Annuity and Insurance Plan, retirement benefits for retired baseballers may soon jump to \$300, perhaps as high as \$500, a month. Today, men with ten years' service in the majors can look forward to \$100.

Artist & Asset. Such promise of security has not long been a part of the game. In a solemn and scholarly study published

MARTIN'S SCOTCH...

that's the spirit !



this week (*The Baseball Player*; Public Affairs Press; \$3.75), the University of Alabama's Economics Professor Paul M. Gregory does his academic best to analyze the major-leaguer, to understand him both "as an artist and as a business asset." The measure of Professor Gregory's success is that his hero remains a baseball player, a big man playing a boy's game, an economic pawn hemmed in by a code of law that is "like an old lady's will amended by a maze of codicils."

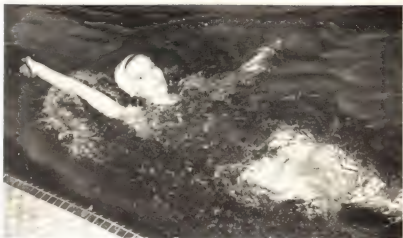
For all his criticism of the code—with its reserve clause, its waiver rule, its draft, which all hamper the individual's bargaining power—Professor Gregory feels that baseball would die without it. "As a sport," he says, "baseball, like the Army, must be authoritarian, with a definite chain of command." That players have improved their status so steadily is a tribute to their stubborn pursuit of the dollar and the support of their fans, which has given baseball "a significance quite out of proportion to its size."

Gift of Gab. Time was when pro ballplayers were "tobacco-chewing rowdies" who ran out their brief careers with little to show for their days on the diamond. Of the nine regulars on the 1860 Cincinnati Red Stockings, first big-league team of all, only Shortstop George Wright went on to become a successful businessman (Wright & Ditson, sporting goods). The rest stayed only a pitch or two ahead of the bill collectors. One died in a San Francisco poorhouse; sentimental fans saved another from a pauper's grave. Growing prestige, says Professor Gregory, has opened a new world of post-retirement opportunities for the once-forgotten ballplayer. So many of them have turned to radio and television sportscasting* that the good professor concludes: "Old players never die, they just gab away."

To the ballplayers' credit, they have also slowly learned to gab in their own behalf while still in uniform. Though they have never really joined organized labor—four separate unions have flopped, and they have never managed a successful strike—each team has its player representative. If trivial requests have failed (one Philadelphia musclemen thought dugout benches needed foam-rubber cushions), earnest efforts to improve conditions have built the pension system and boosted minimum salaries to \$6,000.

Only a few hundred players make the grade in the majors, but those who do these days need only a minimal skill at managing their own finances to become men of means. Though few will become a Joe DiMaggio, the poor fisherman's son who rose to fame, wealth and social prestige, most will merit Professor Gregory's envious comment on the Yankee Clipper: "And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow" (*Genesis 39: 2*; Tyndale's translation).

*Some who have tried: Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich, Dizzy Trout, Walter Hoyt, Gus Mancuso, Jack Graney, Harry Heilmann, Gabby Street, Pie Traynor, Bump Hadley, Mickey Heath, Dizzy ("He slid into second") Dean, Birdie Holtzer, Frankie Frisch



RECORD-BREAKER CONE
Glad in plaid.

United Press

Casual Champ

Ray Cone was not trying to turn his daughter into an athlete. Cone, a safety director for a Teterboro, N.J. factory, taught six-year-old Carin to swim for a perfectly prosaic reason: he did not want to worry when the family went holidaying on the Jersey shore. But Ray Cone knew an athlete when he saw one. Little Carin took to the water so naturally that he sent her to a swimming coach to find out how good she really was. Today, at 16, Carin is good enough to hold all four American women's backstroke titles (100 and 200 yds., 100 and 200 meters). Last week, in the National A.A.U.'s women's championships at Tyler, Texas, Carin pinwheeled up the Olympic (50-meter) course to a new record of 2:43.8 in the 200-meter backstroke. Next night she lowered the American 100-meter backstroke mark to 1:14.5.

The transition from carefree vacationer to record-breaking competitor was no romp in the surf. Ever since Carin decided to become a champion she has submitted to an endless grind. In the winter she works out five days a week in the Y.M.-Y.W.C.A. pool near her Ridgewood home. Once a week she travels to Manhattan for professional training at the Women's Swimming Association. When the weather warms up, she spends every day at Ridgewood's outdoor municipal pool, swims a mile morning and evening when the pool is uncrowded. "Afternoons," says Carin, "I put on my plaid bathing suit and go down with the kids and have a good time." There, she is always careful not to outdo her male friends.

Understandably, the routine is sometimes wearing. "In the dead season between the Nationals," says Carin, "that's when it gets discouraging. I say to myself 'If you don't want to do more than half you can stop.' But when I get halfway, I say, 'There, you've done that much; now you can do the rest of it.'"

After Carin did "all of it," last week in the 200-meter race, she joined the other girls in the coffee shop at Tyler's Black-

stone Hotel. Between events, blonde, blue-eyed Carin was just another casual, crop-haired, broad-shouldered, high-school girl—as cool and pretty as peach ice cream, and bouncingly healthy. But like the others who had also set their share of records (the Walter Reed Swim Club's Shelley Mann set new world marks of 1:11.8 in the 100-meter butterfly, 2:44.4 in the 200-meter butterfly, and 5:52.5 in the 400-meter medley), Carin knew that her toughest races were still to come. All are pointing for next month's Olympic trials in Detroit. There the winners will be paid off with a plane trip to Melbourne.

Scoreboard

¶ After loafing to the finish line in front of Kent (Conn.) School's crew in the semifinals of the Henley Royal Regatta, Princeton's unbeaten 150-lb. eight pulled their way through the choppy waters of the Thames to beat Britain's Royal Air Force oarsmen and win the Thames Challenge Cup by an impressive length.

¶ With a red ribbon tied to his forelock to make him think he was still running under the colors of the late William Woodward Jr. and blinkers beside his eyes to keep his mind on his work, Leslie Combs's Nashua ran one of the best races of his career to put away Mrs. Jan Burke's Dedicate and win the 70th running of Belmont's Suburban Handicap.

¶ For the third straight year, Melbourne Professional Peter Thomson proved that he practically owns the British Open Golf championship. On the long and tricky links at Hoylake, England, Thomson stacked up four spectacular rounds to breeze home in 286, three strokes in front of Belgium's Flory Van Donck.

¶ Looking back over its long history, the U.S.L.T.A. celebrated its Diamond Jubilee by naming the alltime first ten U.S. tennis players: 1) William T. Tilden II, 2) J. Donald Budge, 3) John A. Kramer, 4) William M. Johnston, 5) H. Ellsworth Vines Jr., 6) Richard A. Gonzales, 7) Maurice E. McLoughlin, 8) William A. Larned, 9) R. N. Williams II, 10) Robert L. Riggs.

MUSIC

The Wild One

"The lovely days disappear, the planets turn in circles, but you walk straight toward what you cannot see: the dark days, the sagging skin." The lugubrious sentiment is by Poet Raymond Queneau, but the dark caramel voice which murmurs it in throbbing French in a newly released Columbia album belongs to a 20-year-old Parisian chanteuse named Juliette Greco. For U.S. listeners the album offers a fresh view of a singer whose literate, melancholy repertory and haunting voice have made her the musical idol of the existentialists and a reigning favorite along the music hall and nightclub circuit.

Singer of the Era. When Juliette was 15 the Germans deported her divorced mother and her sister to a labor camp. Left to roam the streets, Juliette fell in with a band of homeless youngsters, learned to steal by day and sleep in doorways by night.

One rainy evening in 1945, she and her street gang moved into a deserted club on the Left Bank. When the club reopened several months later as Cabaret le Tabou, the new owner encouraged Greco and her band to continue to make it their headquarters. "The proprietor saw in us a sign of the era," says Singer Greco. So did some of Tabou's guests. To Le Tabou came the existentialists and their friends—Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Christian Bérard, Albert Camus and Jean Cocteau. They dubbed Greco and her band "*Les Rats des Caves*," fed and clothed them. Cocteau gave Greco a small part in his film *Orpheus*. In 1949 she launched her singing career.



Camera Press—R
CHANTEUSE GRECO
Caramel for the existentialists.

Poems in the Throat. Garbed from head to toe in black ("I am probably the most covered-up singer in the business"), with her straight black hair hanging to her waist, she chanted the changes on blighted love, nostalgia and despair in a husky contralto which ranged from a whisper to a raucous shout. Such personages as François Mauriac and Françoise Sagan dashed off songs for her. Sartre wrote that "in her throat she has millions of poems not yet written." When she took to the stage (in *Anastasia*) in a straight dramatic role, *Le Moude's* Robert Kemp was entranced by her "dignity and poetry," found her "smashing."

No longer an underdog, despairing *Rat des Caves*, Juliette has been married and divorced, has a two-year-old daughter, and last week was working on her fifth film (*L'Homme et L'Enfant*, with Eddie Constantine). She was planning a singing tour of South Africa, and had the prospect of a trip to Hollywood next winter to make a film with Danny Kaye. The wartime street days seemed far away. "They molded my life," she said, "but in my case, it's better not to look back."

The Fainting Maestro

The popeyed, bushy-haired little man had scarcely raised his baton to signal the opening of the piano concerto's slow movement when he paled and swayed on the podium. Soloist Vera Franceschi swiftly signaled the sound engineers to stop the recording. Then she helped Conductor Franco Ferrara to a chair, plied him with black coffee. Ten minutes later he rapped the Santa Cecilia Orchestra of Rome to silence, led them the rest of the way through a singing recording of Ildebrando Pizzetti's *Canti della Stagione Alta*.

The performance was an important step toward the recovery of an ailing man whom Arturo Toscanini once called "the greatest musical find of this century." Sicilian-born Conductor Ferrara, 45, guest-conducted the major orchestras of Italy in the '30s and early '40s, became his country's most famed conductor after Toscanini himself. But one day in 1940, while conducting Dvorak's "*New World*" *Symphony*, Ferrara suddenly stiffened and crashed backwards off the podium in a dead faint. In the next several years he fainted so regularly on the podium that he became known throughout Italy as "The Fainting Maestro." When he consulted doctors, they could only point out what he already knew: that he lost his genial manner in the presence of music and that his nervous tension built up to a fainting spell, usually as the orchestra approached the slow movement of the symphony or concerto he was conducting.

Sorrowfully, Ferrara gave up conducting, retired to a hermit-like existence. When San Francisco-born Pianist Franceschi, an old friend, arrived in Rome this spring on a recital tour, she took to visiting Ferrara to play him his favorite sonatas. Slowly she reawakened his interest, at last per-



Franceschi & Ferrara
Coffee for the slow movement.

sued him to conduct an orchestra with herself as soloist for a series of recordings.

Under Soloist Franceschi's watchful eye, the recordings were completed. It seemed this week that Conductor Ferrara may at last be licking his old weakness. Vera Franceschi is sure of it. She plans to bring him to the U.S. this fall, put him in the hands of competent doctors and eventually return him to full-time classical music. "If I can help it," says she, "he'll never faint again."

Baby Doe

When U.S. composers set out to exploit uniquely native material, they all too frequently lose sight of the folk for the folksiness. Pulitzer Prizewinner Douglas Moore, 62, a Columbia professor, has been a notable exception. At least one of his previous operas, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, achieved an easy lyrical style which has kept it alive in repertory as an authentic domestic classic. For his fourth opera, premiered last week at the legend-laden Opera House in Central City, Colo., Composer Moore once again mined some rich native lore: the story of Colorado Silver Millionaire Horace Austin Warner ("HAW") Tabor and his blonde bride from Wisconsin, Elizabeth McCourt ("Baby") Doe. The opera's title: *The Ballad of Baby Doe*.

"This dramatic story," says Composer Moore, "makes an ideal outline for an opera libretto." He is right. Born in Vermont in 1830, HAW Tabor caught the gold fever early, wandered with his wife Augusta to Colorado, and for 20 years alternated storekeeping and prospecting. He made his big strike at Leadville when he was 47; within a year he was a millionaire. To help celebrate his new affluence, he gave Denver a magnificent Opera House with his name engraved on a two-foot block of silver. Librettist John (*Cabin in the Sky*) Latouche picks up



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the story from there, Tabor became the richest man in Colorado, and this attracted 20-year-old Baby Doe, who blew into Leadville in 1881, established herself as Tabor's mistress and persuaded him to divorce his wife. As an interim Senator in Washington, he married Baby Doe in a lavish ceremony attended by Congressmen, diplomats and President Chester A. Arthur himself. But when silver fell in 1893, Tabor fell with it.

For the remaining six years of his life he eked out an existence as a postmaster and by the sale of his lavish possessions (including his collection of \$700 night-shirts). The story gets its special twist from the fact that Baby Doe remained faithful to him to the end. For 36 years



SINGERS IN NEW U.S. OPERA
A mine of native lore.

after his death she lived on Tabor's last silver property in Leadville, rarely left the place and was found frozen to death there in a dilapidated shack in 1935.

Out of this invitingly gaudy material Composer Moore has wrought a clean, melodious score which succeeds in conveying strong period flavor without being condescendingly folksy. Its melodic high spots include Baby Doe's *Willow Song*, the stunning *Silver Song* (sung by Mei Coloratura Dolores Wilson) and a moving choral, *Lovely Evening*. Sophisticated musically, the score nevertheless is marked by a clarity rare to the U.S. opera stage. "Most composers today seem to be writing under such influences as Schoenberg and Stravinsky," says Moore. "I tried to return to melody as the key to communication." Others will get a chance to decide how he has succeeded. Sold out for its 16 Central City performances. *The Ballad of Baby Doe* will probably be performed on Broadway in the fall.

* From left, Frances Bible as Augusta Tabor, Clifford Harcourt as "HAW" Tabor, Dolores Wilson as Baby Doe.



90 IRON LUNGS THAT KEPT ON BREATHING

The Canadian province of Manitoba suffered one of the worst polio epidemics ever recorded in 1953. Yet, though a large number of the 2300 reported cases were stricken with respiratory paralysis, fatalities were kept surprisingly low.

At Winnipeg's King George Hospital the most seriously affected pa-

tients—many of them children—were placed in 90 electrically-operated iron lungs. Suddenly, in the midst of the crisis, hospital authorities thought of the tragedy that might happen if a storm should cause the power to fail. They had no standby source of electricity!

Answering their frantic call, the local Caterpillar Dealer rushed a Cat Diesel Electric Set to the scene. Throughout the epidemic this engine stood ready and waiting at a few seconds' notice to supply power to the iron lungs.

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DeWalt "Power Shop" motor
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ANACONDA

Twenty-Two Miles High

Japan's long-distance scientific atom-bomb watchers (*TIME*, March 12 *et seq.*) were convinced that a nuclear weapon fired by the U.S. July 3 over Bikini was carried by a rocket, not an airplane, and that it exploded at a height of at least 22 miles.

Kameo Ito, chief of the government's Yamagata meteorological observatory, bases his theory on a close study of the air waves from U.S. and Soviet tests. When a bomb is exploded on the ground or near it, says Ito, the shock waves spreading upward into the lower stratosphere are lengthened and delayed by air conditions there. Eventually they are refracted downward and reach microbarographs in Japan a few minutes behind the shorter waves that have passed directly through the lower atmosphere.

Tell-tale Pattern. The waves from earlier U.S. and Soviet tests followed this pattern. But during this summer's tests, Japan's microbarographs showed a difference. With each explosion (the U.S. has announced only one), the initial, short-wave phase decreased, indicating that the bombs were being exploded higher and higher in the atmosphere. On July 3, the Japanese picked up a wave pattern that had almost no short waves. Ito thinks this proves that the explosion took place above 22 miles. If it did, Ito reasons, the bomb must have been carried by a rocket. No existing bomber can fly so high.

Testing weapons systems instead of isolated "nuclear devices" is one of the announced purposes of the U.S. tests at Bikini. One of the systems that needs testing most is the atom-armed anti-missile rocket that both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are believed to be developing. To protect a target city from a long-range missile, this weapon must attack its quarry high above the atmosphere.

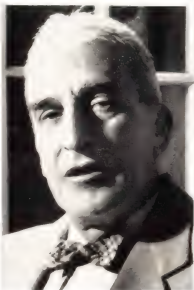
Unrestrained Fireball. Shooting it up to the proper height is not much of a problem, but no one knows how its nuclear warhead will behave when it is exploded in the near-vacuum of the upper atmosphere. With little air to resist its expansion, the unrestrained fireball may grow to enormous size. Atomic particles and radiation that are stopped by dense air may be flung far enough to do damage at a considerable distance.

If the U.S.'s July 3 test bomb was really exploded 22 miles above the earth it should yield valuable information in another way too. One of the toughest problems for the designers of long-range ballistic missiles is "re-entry": *i.e.*, how to get the missile's warhead down through the lower atmosphere at meteor speed without having it burn up like a meteor. If the July 3 test showed that a nuclear warhead achieves "good" effects on ground targets, even when exploded 20 miles above the surface, most of the re-entry problem will have been eliminated.

Nuclear Neuroses

Atomic radiation is dangerous, and as the atomic age develops, the danger will increase. This is the conclusion of the National Academy of Sciences (*TIME*, June 25), and the public is justified in taking it seriously. But in many parts of the world the atom is being blamed for ills that it could not have caused, and for some that do not exist.

Last week in Washington the House Military Operations Subcommittee tried to stop a panicky rumor (started by testimony at one of its hearings) about the "dangers" of luminous watch dials, light-switch markers, etc. It published a reassuring letter from Physicist Lauriston S. Taylor of the National Bureau of Standards.



Vincent Flinnigan

PHYSICIST TAYLOR

The cops demanded plastic gloves.

Luminous watch dials, he wrote, do contain radioactive material, but the quantity "is negligibly small and constitutes no hazard to the individual . . . unless one were to eat the dial." Luminous switch markers are harmless, too, but Taylor urged moderation. "One should not fill his home with such devices unless there is real need for them."

In West Germany the *Hamburger Abendblatt* (circ. 110,000) prints daily reports of air radioactivity. Last week a banner headline screamed that the radioactivity of Hamburg's air had risen tenfold between July 3 and July 5. Not until the sixth paragraph did the *Abendblatt's* expert admit that the activity was still too low to do any damage whatever.

Atomic Headache. As a result of such scare-mongering, thousands of suggestible Germans have come down with "atomic headache." The head of the Bavarian State Health Authority complained: "All the misfortune that Bavarians formerly

ascribed to the *Föhn* (a hot Alpine wind) has now turned into the atomic headache." The Bavarian Minister of the Interior tried to convince complaining farmers that the yellowing of their pastures had nothing to do with atomic rain. In Salzburg café waiters warned departing guests not to go without hats for fear of atomic rain.

In Japan, where rain is sometimes really radioactive, a new term, "radiation neurosis" (*hoshano neurozeshi*) has been coined to express a state of extreme nervousness which affects many Japanese after U.S., Soviet and British bomb tests. In understandably jittery Hiroshima, welfare agencies publish bulletins after each rain to assure the citizens that it is not dangerous. In Osaka schoolchildren are told to wear plastic raincoats with hoods. One school held drills to teach the children how to hold their umbrellas so that their hands and faces would not get splattered. Policemen in Itami demanded plastic gloves because their service raincoats do not cover their hands.

Japanese scientists have tried to cure *hoshano neurozeshi* by statements that the radioactive rain at its present strength will not hurt anyone. The public thinks it knows better.

In France radioactive rain has become a specialty of the Communist press, which blames almost every malaise on U.S. (but not Soviet) bomb tests. The Communist daily *Liberation* told how growing vegetables were yellowed, how a vineyard was burned "as if by a flame thrower," how an elderly farmer was rained on, felt a prickling sensation and turned yellow all over. French rain does occasionally show a slight amount of radioactivity, but it is never enough to do damage to humans, certainly not enough to blast the leaves off grapevines.

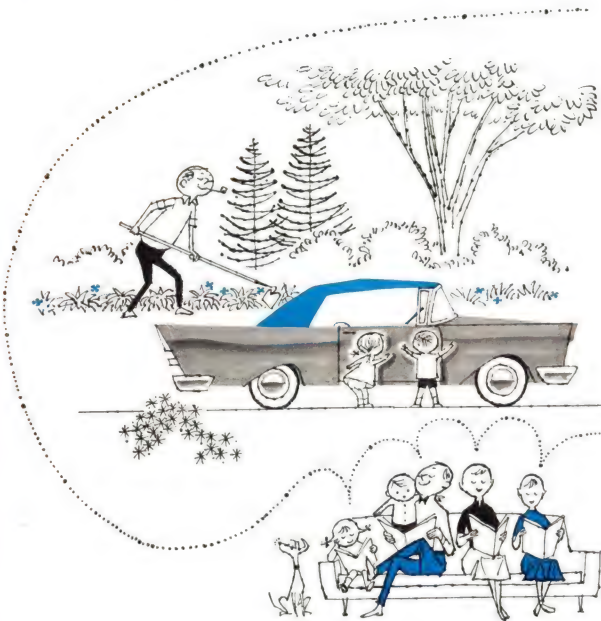
Atomic Weather. In nearly all parts of the world, atomic-bomb tests are blamed for unusual weather. In the U.S., for instance, an article in the *Saturday Review* by Dr. Irving Bengelsdorf (an organic chemist) blames bomb tests for steering hurricanes toward New England—despite the fact that there were destructive New England hurricanes in 1938 and 1944, before any bomb had been exploded.

In Germany June was uncommonly cold and wet, and a group of Bundestag Deputies formally asked the government to investigate. Other German legislators demanded an official check on the radioactivity of the ocean. In France and Italy the public has the same conviction: the weather is unprecedented; it is the bomb's fault.

No responsible physicist or meteorologist believes that atomic explosions have altered the world's weather. The Report of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences says: "No statistically significant changes in the weather during the first ten years of the Atomic Age have been found . . . Although it is not possible to prove that nuclear explosions have or have not influenced the weather, it is believed that such an effect is unlikely." British, German and Japanese scientists agree.

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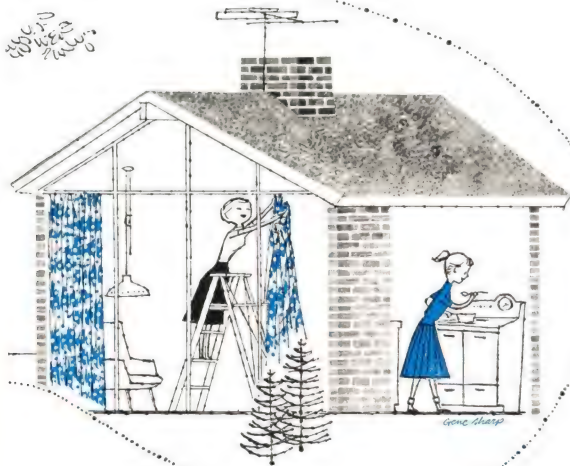
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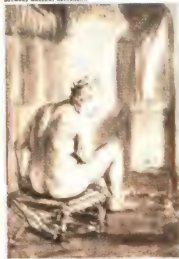
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BOYMANS MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM



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THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON

TYTLER MUSEUM



OLD MAN SEATED IN ARMCHAIR

ART

STATE GALLERY OF PRINTS, AMSTERDAM



YOUNG MAN PULLING ROPE

Master of Light & Shadow

In the university town of Leiden, The Netherlands, 350 years ago this week, a prosperous miller and his wife celebrated the birth of a son destined to tower over the painters of the northern Renaissance as Leonardo da Vinci towered over the masters of the Italian Renaissance. To mark the anniversary, Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum (State Museum) is staging an exhibition of 100 of the greatest paintings and 123 etchings by Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn, chosen from 63 collections, including Leningrad's world-famous Hermitage (see color pages). At the same time, Rotterdam's Boymans Museum is exhibiting 268 of Rembrandt's drawings. Best testimony to Rembrandt's enduring attraction: the record-breaking crowds of more than 140,000 European and U.S. tourists who have visited the painting exhibit in its first seven weeks.

One of the reasons for Rembrandt's

continuing appeal is that he inhabits a world in which modern man can still find his bearings. Leonardo da Vinci, born 154 years earlier, raised painters to the level of princes, held court while he worked to the accompaniment of music and brilliant conversation: his Venuses were meant to grace Olympian festivals. Rembrandt, whose parents saw to it that he got a good Latin-school education, plus a taste of university life, preferred the company of his sturdy Dutch countrymen. He once chose to paint his bride Saskia in the trappings of classic mythology, but the result (*opposite*), now owned by Leningrad's Hermitage, is basically a plain young Dutch girl, garlanded with field flowers and dressed in the rich, show-off satins and brocades that so delighted Rembrandt at Amsterdam's public auctions.

Molten Light. Rembrandt's early popularity among his countrymen (who were to spurn the full flowering of his genius)

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON



FARMHOUSE IN SUNLIGHT

BOYMANS MUSEUM



LION RESTING

**FLORA**

Mythological subjects did not particularly appeal to Rembrandt; he preferred the deeper mysteries of the Bible. But his beautiful young wife, Saskia,

did inspire him to paint her as Flora, goddess of flowers. The canvas, from Leningrad's Hermitage Museum, is one of Rembrandt's early triumphs.

BATHSHEBA

One of the two life-size Rembrandt nudes in existence, *Bathsheba* shows the master's ability to turn his nude studies from life into illustrations of great stories. The woman's pensive mood is just as much in evidence as her soft flesh.



THE BRIDAL COUPLE

This unfinished and heavily varnished canvas may represent Rembrandt's son Titus, who was soon to die of consumption and his bride. A fruit of Rembrandt's last years, the picture glows with tender, exultant quietude.





RELANDER.

THEY' MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

THE HOLY FAMILY

Even the cherubs hovering over the cradle seem real visitors to this scene. Joseph at work. Mary with her look and the sleeping Child share the pervading peace.



THE DENIAL OF ST. PETER

Observed by a tough centurion in the glare of a maid-servant's candle, Peter denies knowing Christ, who turns in the distance to hear the betrayal He foretold.



REBECCA WOOD LAY

JEREMIAH

Slumped in a cascade of light, the fiery Prophet mourns the fact that his angriest predictions have all been brought to pass; sinful Jerusalem

destroyed. Light is as much the picture's hero as Jeremiah himself, but, blazing from his pate, it seems as much a part of him as his frown.

was solidly rooted in the artistic techniques of both Italy and northern Europe. His early teacher in Leiden had studied in Italy, there learned Caravaggio's trick of sharply contrasting light and shadow, to make light itself the most dramatic element in the picture. Rembrandt's painting, *Jeremiah Lamenting the Destruction of Jerusalem*, done when the artist was only 24, already shows both Rembrandt's love of Biblical subjects and the virtuoso control of light that gives his oils the intensity of molten gold.

Rembrandt also inherited a hardy tradition of Dutch portrait painting. His achievement was to take the stiff, official portrait, change it into a dramatic scene, filled with inner excitement that holds the spectator's eye even today. His first great success, *The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp*, done when he was only 26, established him as one of the foremost painters of Amsterdam, and brought him a flood

of portrait commissions from the city's wealthy burghers. To the Bible. Like many a Dutch townsman who struck it rich, Rembrandt splurged wildly, bought up collections of armor and costumes that he could use as painting props, moved into a palatial house on the edge of Amsterdam's Jewish Quarter. His drawings and etchings spread his fame the breadth of Europe. But his years of commercial success began to wane when his masterpiece, *Captain Banning Cocq's Shooting Company* (known as *The Night Watch* before its recent cleaning revealed a late-afternoon scene), met with disapproval from patrons who found themselves lost in the parade.

Rembrandt's answer was to become increasingly absorbed in his own art, devoting himself more and more to the Biblical scenes for which there was little market. His portrait commissions kept dwindling as he labored for months over each painting. His heavy brushstroke and thick overpainting, plus his untidy habit of cleaning brushes on his own clothing, struck his townsmen as uncouth. At 52, Rembrandt was forced to put his house and goods up for auction.

Reset by adversity, Rembrandt retreated even farther into his Bible, using his son Titus and his Jewish friends as models. Among his favorites was Hendrickje Stoffels, the simple peasant family maid whom Rembrandt made his mistress after the death of Saskia. His *Bathsheba*, for which Hendrickje posed, is ranked as one of the greatest nudes in Western art, not because of her classic beauty (in fact, Hendrickje was squat and dumpy), but because of the unsparring yet loving eye Rembrandt cast on her flesh, recreating it against the rich fabric background. Result: a study of the quiet inner resignation with which Bathsheba received the message that would introduce her to King David and her destiny.

It was this effort to pierce through outward appearances that brought Rembrandt to his greatest insights in works such as *The Denial of St. Peter*. To depict the awesome moment, Rembrandt succeeded in portraying the intense inner struggle by relentlessly focusing the servant girl's light on the proud yet suffering features of Peter. In *The Bridal Couple*, probably painted the year before he died at 63, Rembrandt could still return boldly to another moment of drama for every man, raise it to the level of a willing symbol of devotion, acceptance and proud communion.

Painters' Painter. Ironically, the basic elements of Rembrandt's painting—his superb brush stroke and bold handling of color, his insistence on psychological insight, his dramatic use of light and shadow—long kept him in eclipse. Though in his own day Velázquez thought nothing of borrowing a pose from Rembrandt's *Negress Lying Down* (he used it for his own *Venus*), Rembrandt's reputation became primarily the custody of painters in later generations. In their hands, Rembrandt's work has become one of the richest lodes in Western art.

In the 18th and 19th centuries his landscapes influenced a whole generation of English painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds made copies of Rembrandt's paintings, and so did Gainsborough and Turner. Goya's studio had ten Rembrandt prints, to which Goya freely admitted his debt: "I have had three masters: Velázquez, Rembrandt, and nature." As the pendulum swung from classicism to romanticism in the 19th century, Delacroix seized on Rembrandt to best his classicist rival, Ingres, and wrote: "Perhaps we shall one day find that Rembrandt is a greater painter than Raphael."

By the 20th century, when popular taste had long since caught up and the value of a Rembrandt oil soared to the million-dollar mark, American artists like John Sloan pored over his etchings for inspiration. Russian-born Chaim Soutine sat entranced through a whole day before Rembrandt's *The Bridal Couple*. Even Picasso, that great imitator, once paid Rembrandt the supreme compliment of confessing one failure. Beginning an etching, he says, "I started to doodle. It became a Rembrandt. I even made another one right away, with his turban, his furs, his eye—you know what I mean, his elephant's eye. I'm still working on this plate to get his blacks. You don't get them right away."

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To the Bible. Like many a Dutch townsman who struck it rich, Rembrandt splurged wildly, bought up collections of armor and costumes that he could use as painting props, moved into a palatial house on the edge of Amsterdam's Jewish Quarter. His drawings and etchings spread his fame the breadth of Europe. But his years of commercial success began to wane when his masterpiece, *Captain Banning Cocq's Shooting Company* (known as *The Night Watch* before its recent cleaning revealed a late-afternoon scene), met with disapproval from patrons who found themselves lost in the parade.

Rembrandt's answer was to become increasingly absorbed in his own art, devoting himself more and more to the Biblical scenes for which there was little market. His portrait commissions kept dwindling as he labored for months over each painting. His heavy brushstroke and thick overpainting, plus his untidy habit of cleaning brushes on his own clothing, struck his townsmen as uncouth. At 52, Rembrandt was forced to put his house and goods up for auction.

Reset by adversity, Rembrandt retreated even farther into his Bible, using his son Titus and his Jewish friends as models. Among his favorites was Hendrickje

RELIGION

Who's an Existentialist?

The aftermath of World War II spawned no identifiable Lost Generation, but it did bring a word for intellectuals to play with: existentialism. At first it appeared to be nothing but a new French fad—redolent of sex, sidewalk cafés, tight blue jeans and Communism. But on examination it seems that all kinds of respectable thinkers are existentialists, and that France's Atheist Jean-Paul Sartre represents merely a quasi-Communist splinter group in a movement that grew out of the thoughts of the great 19th century Danish religious thinker, Søren Kierkegaard. What is a modern-day existentialist? Who am I? "Why am I here?"—and finds no answer. Can a Christian be an existentialist? He may ask the existentialist questions and suffer the existentialist agonies of doubt and darkness, but for him the answer of faith has come.

Some of these thorny trails of thought are explored in *Christianity and the Existentialists*, a new book published by Scribner (\$3.75) and edited by Carl Michalson, professor of systematic theology at Drew University. Its eight chapters include studies of Kierkegaard by Theologian H. (for Helmut) Richard Niebuhr,* Spain's Miguel de Unamuno by President John A. Mackay of Princeton Theological Seminary, Nicholas Berdyaev by Matthew Spinka, professor of church history at the Hartford Seminary Foundation, Gabriel Marcel by Professor J. V. Langmead Casserley of the General Theological Seminary, Martin Heidegger by Erich Dinkler of Yale Divinity School, and of modern art by Harvard's Professor Paul Tillich. Out of this meeting of minds one conclusion about existentialists emerges clear: they take life hard.

Poison in the Beer. Liveliest chapter is Editor Michalson's own attempt to answer the question: What is existentialism? The layman's suspicion that it is some kind of clandestine wedding between Nordic melancholy and Parisian pornography, he admits, comes close to truth. "For . . . there is in existentialism a shocking sensualism, an erotic realism, a fearful and throbbing meeting of skin against skin, which, so characteristically French, appreciates propinquity of heart and fingertip." At the same time existentialism contains "a sentiment of constantly living over cracking earth, or at the foot of live volcanoes, or in a land where people fight two wars in every lifetime."

Existentialism, unlike traditional philosophies, does not try to think its way above or beyond man's subjective moods—it glorifies them. Fear and trembling, guilt and death, are valued by existentialists as concomitants of man's encounter with the void around him and his neces-



Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE
THEOLOGIAN TILlich
Answers without meaning.

sary decision to walk forward in the darkness. For existentialism, in spite of all its talk, is a philosophy of action; words by themselves do not count. "One who murmurs in his beer, 'I wish I were dead,'" writes Michalson, "would only be really existing if he were at that moment quaffing poison."

Kierkegaard, says Yale's Niebuhr, was much like his hero Socrates. "whose wisdom consisted in the knowledge of his ignorance, whose imperative was 'know thyself,' whose philosophy of life was reduplicated in his living and his dying, who was a comic and tragic figure, who was the father of philosophers but the father of no philosophy." Kierkegaard attacked the Christianity of his time devastatingly for standing between the indi-



GRÜNEWALD'S "CRUCIFIXION"
Face to face with reality.

vidual and Christ. True Christianity he saw as "a becoming, not being . . . To believe is not to be a believer, but to become a believer in every moment, without confidence in the soul's power to believe, but only with confidence now that tomorrow God will give it faith as a wholly new and wonderful act of grace."

"Dangerously Irreligious." For Spanish Philosopher Miguel de Unamuno, who died in 1936 at the age of 72, life's true meaning lay in what he called "agonic struggle." His religion, he once said, "is to struggle with God." And he carried on the struggle in a setting of "transcendental pessimism." Man's heart craves God and immortality, he held, but his intellect can never prove their existence. Therefore, "let life be lived in such a way," Princeton's Mackay paraphrases him, "with such dedication to goodness and the highest values that if, after all, it is annihilation which finally awaits us, that will be an injustice."

Harvard's Tillich sees existentialism in three aspects. In part it is "an element in all important human thinking . . . the attempt of man to describe his existence and its conflicts, the origin of these conflicts, and the anticipations of overcoming them; it is also a revolt against 19th century industrial society, against the world view in which man is nothing but a piece of an all-embracing mechanical reality"—physical, economic, sociological or psychological. The third aspect of existentialism, says Tillich, is the universal plaint of sensitive human beings in the 20th century. "It became the subject matter of some great philosophers . . . of poets . . . like Eliot and Auden . . . It was expressed especially powerfully in the novel." And, Tillich adds, at least as much in painting.

The sweet and pretty religious pictures that are all too common in church papers, church meeting rooms and ministers' offices, says Tillich, are "dangerously irreligious, and they are something against which everybody who understands the situation of our time has to fight." Against them he puts paintings that attempt to thrust the viewer face to face with reality, 16th century Matthias Grünewald's famed *Crucifixion* on the Isenheim altar ("I believe it is the greatest German picture ever painted"). Modern existentialism in art, he says, begins with Cézanne and penetrates to "the depths of reality" in pictures like Van Gogh's *Starry Night*.

To capture reality is what modern artists, good and bad, are trying to do, says Tillich, and that is why Hitler, representing the fear of reality of the petty bourgeoisie, suppressed modern art. "The churches followed in most cases the petty bourgeoisie resistance against modern art and against existentialism generally. The churches believed they had all the answers. But in believing they had all the answers, they deprived the answers of their meaning. These answers were no longer understood because the questions were no longer understood, and this was the churches' fault . . . I believe that existentialist art has a tremendous religious function . . . namely to rediscover

* Not to be confused with Union Theological Seminary's Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, his elder brother.

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the basic questions to which the Christian symbols are the answers, in a way which is understandable to our time. These symbols can then become again understandable to our time."

But, Tillich concludes, there is really no such thing as Christian existentialism. Christians who question life in existentialist terms answer as Christians. "For this reason, I do not believe that the ordinary distinction between atheistic and theistic existentialism makes any sense. As long as an existentialist is theistic, he is either not existentialist or he is not really theistic."

Even so, the existential attitude is normative for modern Protestantism. "Existentialism describes the human situation," says Tillich, "and as such it is a decisive element in present-day religious thinking and Christian theology."

Religious Secularism

"The unique relationship between religion, the state and society is perhaps the most fundamental . . . feature of American religion as well as American political life," says Economist Peter F. Drucker in *Notre Dame University's Review of Politics*.

"This country has developed the most thoroughgoing if not the only truly secular state . . . The U.S. is, however, also the only country of the West in which society is conceived as being basically a religious society."

This coexistence of religion, state and society, says Drucker, sharply distinguishes the U.S. from Europe. Even in European countries where anticlericalism is vigorous, Drucker points out, there are still such relics of "establishment" as government salaries for the clergy, government subsidies to church schools or foreign missions, government support for religious instructors in public schools. Only totalitarian countries are really free from these state-church carryovers, and these have merely substituted their state creeds instead.

In the U.S., however, "organized religion plays a part . . . altogether unknown elsewhere." Church membership (except in the big cities) is taken for granted, community activities center around the churches. "The Girl Scouts meet in the basement of the church, the Parent-Teachers Association in the Parish House . . . One of the local ministers opens the luncheon meeting of Rotary or the annual drive of the Community Chest . . . There exists the closest and most intimate bond between the Catholic Church and some locals of the United Automobile Workers or the United Steel Workers, between Protestant churches and some locals of the Rubber Workers, or between Jewish congregations and the Garment Workers locals in New York."

It is basic to the American creed "that a society can only be religious if religion and the state are radically separated, and that the state can only be free if society is basically a religious society." The state can favor no one religious group, but at the same time it must "sponsor, pro-

tect and favor religious life in general."

This unique arrangement is no guarantee of a religion deeper than the church membership figures. "But it is a foundation—both for a religious people and for a free political order. As such it is the greatest achievement of the American political spirit, and the one on which all others rest."

Shine, Shimmer & Scintillate

Washington's Statler Hotel fairly rocked with positive thinking last week as the International New Thought Alliance, percussively dedicated to "Peace, Poise, Power and Plenty," rejoiced in annual convention. From all over the U.S., plus England and Canada, 1,814 enthusiasts of such movements as "Religious Science," "Divine Science," "Church of Truth," "Church of Understanding" and "Science



Walter Bennett
NEW THOUGHT'S CHEW
Love that money.

of Mind" gathered to cheer one another, blend money and annihilate negative ideas.

Tables were piled high with tracts, books, children's stories and material on such happy thoughts as the "Telegraphic Word Prayer Game" (players use the initials of a negative statement to make a positive one. Example: "My Life Is Miserable Since John Left Me" becomes "Much Love Is Mine So Joy Leads to Miracles"). Most of each day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. was crammed with talks, meditations, "healing sessions" and song, and the new-thinkers, predominantly female and grey-haired, showed staying power that would have delighted Phineas P. Quimby.

More Matter Than Manner. Phineas Quimby, a clockmaker of Portland, Me. and a student of hypnotism and psychology, decided that a man could change his physical situation by changing his mind. New Thought was born in the 1860s when a group of devotees gathered at his feet—among them was young Mary Baker

Eddy, who later went on to found Christian Science.

Though it tolerates doctors and considers Christian Science a "totalitarian Church," New Thought shares with Christian Science much matter if little manner. Some of last week's subjects: "Freedom from Disease," "A Grand Time Living." The Rev. Ervin Seale of Manhattan's Church of Truth titled his lecture "Where Is Bridget Murphy Now?" and suggested that perhaps she was "in" Hypnotist Morey Bernstein. The Rev. Sarah Solada of the First Church of Understanding in Detroit gave her audience a "treatment" for money. Instructing them to clutch a dollar bill tight while she was talking, she went on: "You want to love money so the next person who touches it will feel your love vibrating. You blessed money . . . go out and do the work I intend you should do. Then return back to me that I may send more out again to do God's work."

Money is much loved in New Thought. The Rev. Raymond Charles Barker offered a pamphlet titled *Money Is God in Action*; "Achieving Financial Freedom" was the subject of a panel discussion. Dr. Paul Martin Brunet of the Science of Mind discoursed on "Money Talks." Circulate your money freely, he said. "You will find more and more come into your experience. Make it a rule in your lives: 'I am always where there is plenty of money.'" New Thoughters "want happy, vibrant, abundant money."

Platinum blonde Mrs. Luzette Oostdyke-Sparin of Los Angeles seemed to make the rostrum her second home. "Isn't it beautiful that Mr. Statler has put this initial 'S' on it for us," she cried. "It stands for spirit—for soul!" Dr. Ruth E. Chew, in a lecture entitled "Shine, Shimmer, Scintillate," told how she put people on "a diet of joy." By way of an appetizer, she had the audience repeat after her twice: "I am filled with joy; joy, gladness and delight make everything all right." Her joy diet, said Dr. Chew, can heal anything, including cancer and TB.

Positive, Positive, Positive. Membership figures in New Thought groups are nonexistent. There are many prominent believers who do not advertise the fact, says Dr. Robert Bitzer, president of the International New Thought Alliance. But in Hollywood, where his own Church of Religious Science is located, New Thought has many celebrated friends. Singer Peggy Lee goes to a Religious Science Church in Los Angeles. Liberace, says Bitzer, owes his success to a New Thought tract, and Mae West is interested—"she's an intelligent woman."

A delegate remarked to the woman tending the pamphlet counter that her husband didn't go for New Thought. "A lot of them don't," said the saleslady sympathetically. She fingered a stack of paper slips, looped together with ribbon and proclaiming: "I reject all negative thoughts from others. They may return to those who sent them. I am positive, positive, positive. Divine force is manifest in me. I am positive, positive, positive."



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RADIO & TV

Sunday at 8 (Contd.)

To the amazement of NBC and Steve Allen, and the consternation of CBS and Ed Sullivan, the battle of Sunday at 8 (TIME, July 9) took an unexpected turn. In only his second appearance at that critical TV hour, NBC's Steve Allen, aided by his guest star, Elvis ("The Pelvis") Presley, last week badly beat CBS's Ed Sullivan with a Trendex rating of 20.2, and 55.1% of the audience, against Sullivan's 14.8 rating and 39.7% of the audience. Except for a couple of one-shot shows (Martin and Lewis twice) and a Spectacular (*Inside Beverly Hills*), it was the first time in a year of trying that NBC had found a regular show that could snatch the Sunday audience from Sullivan, consistently one of the two most popular shows on TV.

Report from America

To many a Briton, the U.S. is a land of sounding darkness, loud with the cries of wild-eyed politicians and the gunfire of Chicago gangsters, and spottily lit by the glaring floodlights of Hollywood. About a year ago, two specialists on Anglo-American relations were gloomily talking over drinks in a London pub. The problem, they agreed, was to show America in the even light of everyday. "What we want," said Bradley Connors, public-relations counselor of the U.S. embassy, "is something like Alistair Cooke. Something that gets the flavor of America on TV as Cooke does on radio." Leonard Miall, a BBC-TV executive and onetime BBC correspondent in the U.S., concurred. Over the next round, *Report from America* was conceived.

"Just Like Us." *Report* was to be a series of six half-hour filmed documentaries, to be presented by the BBC-TV in cooperation with the U.S. Information Agency. The series was farmed out to NBC, which took it on a nonprofit basis. London-born Staffer Don Cash, 46, was assigned to produce and direct it. NBC Washington Correspondent Joseph C. Harsch to do the narration. Said Cash, an old and practiced British movie hand: "We quickly decided that the best way to inform is to entertain. That meant that each subject would be taken seriously, but treated lightheartedly. The two things we aim to avoid are bragging and lecturing. What we're really after is to put each documentary in the form of a story highlighted with humor and drama so that viewers will go away saying, 'Well, these Americans are like us. They're just good, warm people.'"

Britons saw their first *Report from America* last February. Called *Roads and Traffic*, it opened with a shot of a London policeman writing out a parking ticket for some hapless Briton, switched to a Manhattan policeman doing the same thing for a glum American motorist. There were the nerve-jarring traffic jams as well as the glossy six-lane highways, and the whole



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was pleasantly salted with a wry and unpretentious commentary. Reaction was immediate. "An outstanding event," said the *Sunday Times*. "Visual journalism at its best," said the *South Wales Echo*. "A winner," said the *London Evening News*.

Just Looking. Once a month since then, *Report* has ranged the U.S. scene. One report managed to tell without bragging how the smog was licked in Pittsburgh. *How America Shops* showed a husband popping bottles into his wife's shopping basket on their way around a supermarket, another woman wandering interminably. "just looking," until she can no longer contain herself and launches into a frenzy of impulse buying. A *Report* on a fire in the Lutheran church in Sayville, Long Island, and the efforts of the local citizens to rebuild it, moved many British viewers to send contributions of merchandise and money.

Last week, with the sixth *Report* (on Automation), the series had proved so successful that it was moved up from 10 p.m. to the prime viewing hour of 7:30 p.m., and twelve more *Reports* are in the works for Britain. *USIA* is having the original six dubbed in five other languages (French, German, Spanish, Polish, Arabic). Whatever the language or the nationality, Cash aims his shows at one man with three children and a modest education, who lives in a little house just outside London and is employed as a sheet-metal worker for an automobile company. He is Cash's brother. Whenever a sequence becomes too specialized or complicated, Cash briskly cuts it, explaining: "My brother wouldn't understand that."

Comedy Writers

There is nothing funny about being funny, at least not for TV comedy writers. Many have gone from rags to riches, but the men who sell their wit to TV comics insist that the job of writing a series of shows that are supposed to make people laugh, week after week, is the most grueling job ever invented in the name of humor.

There are probably not more than 250 practicing TV comedy writers in the U.S. As part of a research project for a master's degree, Frank Orser, graduate student in the department of speech at Ohio State University queried as many as he could track down for some basic information. Fifty-six answered, including such famed TV writers and comedians as Steve Allen, Henry Morgan and Garry Moore. A summary of their answers:

Q On their own vital statistics: the average TV comedy writer is 34.8 years old. Most of them are married, come from large cities have had some college education, are Jewish and before becoming writers did everything from washing dishes to assisting veterinarians.

Q On relations with their employers: "A comedian is usually an insecure and frightened man. The more contact he has with his writers, the more confidence he is apt to have in the script."

Q On writer-comedian conferences: "An incredible bore . . . Most comedians are



Writer Hiken

NAT HIKEN

From rags to riches

not qualified judges of the kind of material they should use."

Q On how to become a comedy writer: "Marry a rich girl; short of this—marry a funny girl who can write for you; short of this—the General Sarnoff's son."

Q On "the finest writer in TV today": many writers voted for themselves, but over all, the man named most often was Nat (the *Paul Silvers Show*) Hiken. Said Hiken last week: "Sure. I think I'm the best, and every other professional comedy writer who's any good thinks he's the best. He's gotta. It's that kinda business." Hiken added, after a moment's reflection: "But don't let them kid you. I'm really the best."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, July 12. Times are E.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

It's Polka Time (Fri. 10 p.m., ABC). New dance show.

Bandwagon '56 (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). New show on the political campaign.

The Sunday Spectacular (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). *The Bachelor*, music and lyrics by Steve Allen, starring Hal March, Jayne Mansfield, Carol Haney.

The Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Guests: Louis Armstrong, Julie Andrews.

General Electric Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). *Prosper's Old Mother*, starring Ethel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *What I'd Do if I Had Only Six Months to Live*, discussed by Henry Morgan, Clifton Fadiman and Stephen (Gamesmanship) Potter.

CBS Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Case of the White Kitten*, with Kenny Delmar and Audrey Christie.



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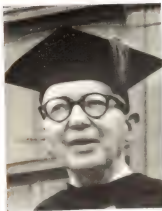
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Goodbye, Messrs. Chips

Each year U.S. colleges and universities must say goodbye to many a famed and favorite figure. Among those retiring in 1956:

¶ Ohio State's **Howard L. Bevis**, 70, since 1940 the university's affable but hard-driving president. A graduate of the University of Cincinnati ('08) with a doctorate from Harvard Law School, Bevis served as state finance director under two Ohio governors, after a stint on the state Supreme Court and five years at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration arrived at Ohio State to usher in its era of greatest prosperity and controversy. He aroused student and faculty resentment by insisting that he screen all campus speakers, earned the censure of the American Association of University Professors by firing Physicist Byron Darling for invoking the Fifth Amendment before a House investigating committee. He made bitter enemies ("He only talks about money and buildings. He's not an educator") and loyal friends ("He has the good will of all. I don't know anybody who isn't his friend"), all in all managed to chalk up quite a record: in 16 years, the university's research increased tenfold, its campus grew by \$79 million worth of new buildings, its enrollment rose from 13,000 to 22,000.

¶ Harvard Law School's debonair **Zachariah ("Zack") Chaffee Jr.**, 70, an expert on equity law who won both popular

and academic acclaim as one of the nation's most lucid authorities on freedom of the press and civil liberties. A classmate of the late Senator Robert Taft at Harvard Law School, Chaffee later joined the faculty to find himself teaching such promising young men as Dean Acheson, Archibald MacLeish, Joseph N. Welch and Kenneth Royall, was so handy with the apt anecdote that he became known as "the Scheherazade of the law school." He gradually emerged as the calm and persuasive crusader against all temptations to curb the free interplay of ideas. "I am," he said, "one of the large number of old-fashioned Americans who care a good deal about our Bill of Rights and about maintaining American traditions of freedom and tolerance. We like the country in which we grew up, and we want it to stay that kind of country for our children and grandchildren."

¶ University of Michigan's round, bouncy **Harley Harris Bartlett**, 70, director of the university's botanical gardens and one of the top botanists in the U.S. Bartlett scoured Formosa, Sumatra, Mexico, Guatemala, British Honduras and the Philippines for his botanical specimens, but to a large part of the university his chief claim to fame rested closer to home. He kept open house for his students, helped so many with their problems (and their bills) that hundreds of Michigan men and women came to know him as "Uncle Harley"—a typically absent-minded bachelor professor with a penchant for forgetting

speaking engagements, a taste for collecting Liberian stamps, and a passion for hosting woodland picnics for the children of the neighborhood.

¶ Columbia's **Carl William Ackerman**, 66, dean of the Graduate School of Journalism, which has turned out such noted news and magazine men as Lester Markel of the *New York Times*, Co-Editor Bruce Gould of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and Columnist George Sokolsky. A graduate of the school's first class in 1913, Ackerman became dean in 1931, turned the school into a one-year graduate institution with as stiff requirements and standards as any in the country. He helped found the American Press Institute and the Maria Moors Cabot awards for journalists who serve inter-American understanding. His own Gresham's Law: in a free press, "good news, meaning truthful information, always has and always will drive bad news, meaning false information, out of circulation."

¶ Yale's Botanist **Edmund Ware Sinnott**, 68, who as director of the Division of Sciences and dean of the Graduate School has as much as any man led the way in eliminating narrow specialties at Yale and in making sure that all Yalermen get in common the broad "background of all human knowledge." A gentle-mannered man who signs his amateur paintings "Edmund Ware" and is an authority on old Connecticut tombstones. Scientist Sinnott has spent a lifetime trying to heal the split between science and faith. "The two



SINNOTT



BARTLETT



SMITH



MALONE



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roads to truth . . . the way of science, confident in reason, and the way of faith, depending on the insights of the spirit, do not follow the same course." Yet man should not "regret these differences" but rather rejoice in them. They are the two halves that make men whole: from tension between them, character is born."

¶ Johns Hopkins' **Kemp Malone**, 67, brother of Biographer Dumas (Jefferson and His Times) Malone and himself a top authority on Old English literature. Because of his musical ear and his knowledge of phonetics, scholarly Kemp Malone could charm his classes by making the *Canterbury Tales* sound as if Chaucer himself were reading them. He could also terrify his students by storming at them over the slightest mistranslation. He continually failed to recognize even the brightest English majors, seldom entertained his colleagues, seemed to have an ingrained aversion to lunch at the faculty club. But for all his crotchets, he commanded his full measure of respect, and on his retirement the university paid him an unintentional compliment. Henceforth, it announced—with no Malone around to make it worthwhile—Old English will be dropped as a requirement for a Ph.D. in English literature.

¶ New York University's **Ernest O. Melby**, 64, for eleven years dean of the School of Education. A Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota, Melby rose from small-town teacher and school superintendent to be dean of Northwestern University's School of Education, president of Montana's State University, and finally, chancellor of Montana's higher educational system. But it was not until he got to N.Y.U. that he came into his own as a kind of senior defense counsel for the U.S. public school against those who insisted that it had sacrificed its intellectual content. He set up N.Y.U.'s Center for Human Relations Studies and its Center for Community and Field Services, stumped the country for a school that would be merged with the community. "In this human-centered universe," said Melby, "there is no perfect hierarchy of truth, there are no criteria beyond the realm of experience . . . Anything to be learned must be lived . . . The building of a bridge may be more effective in teaching Johnny Jones to think than the study of Plato."

¶ Syracuse University's gangling **T. (or Thomas) V. (or Vernon) Smith**, 66, whose wise and witty lectures induced hundreds of students to expose themselves to philosophy. As a full professor at the University of Chicago, red-haired Philosopher Smith served in the state senate, later was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, was so staggered by the plethora of bills born each session that he demanded Congress "practice birth control." An intellectually humble man who called his students "my junior colleagues," he once said: "Knowledge eventuates as wisdom only in those who claim no monopoly on knowledge. Wisdom is the true lord and seldom fails of the deference that true lordship deserves."



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—Pope

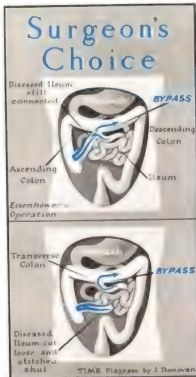
Did President Eisenhower get the right operation for his ileitis? What are his chances of regaining sufficiently good health to serve in the presidency for four more years? Politics aside, these questions have been the basis of bee-buzz conversations over cigarettes and coffee in many a hospital or medical-center common room since the President's operation (TIME, June 18). Neither can be answered with the kind finality that marked the first bulletins after Ike's operation.

On the operation actually performed, fellow surgeons refuse to criticize Major General Leonard Heaton who operated on the President. On Ike's medical future, professionals vary in their prognostications, but think that the President is in danger of more trouble. The trouble, if it comes at all, could range from occasional minor intestinal distress, through recurrent disabling attacks of diarrhea, low fever and malaise, to a need for more surgery. The course of ileitis is so variable that doctors cannot dogmatize about the outcome of an individual case. Explains Dr. Everett Duane Kiefer of Boston's famed Lahey Clinic: "There are few diseases which should leave the physician with a greater sense of humility."

Cut Off the Ileum? For Ike's kind of regional ileitis the fashion in operations has gone through three main phases. At first it was taken for granted that the only thing to do was to cut the diseased section of ileum out of the body and attach the cut end of the ileum to the colon. But this was a relatively long and bloody procedure. It gave no better results than two types of bypass operations, which came into fashion next (see diagram). In one, the type performed on Ike, a healthy loop of ileum is drawn up and spliced into the colon, but the diseased section is left in place. This is "bypass without exclusion." In the other, the diseased ileum is cut off, and its open end is stitched shut; it is left dangling. This is "bypass with exclusion."

Some bright young surgeons leaped to the conclusion that Ike's type of operation, which has been abandoned in some medical centers, must have been wrong. They cited impressive authorities. Dr. Burrill B. Crohn, who first described and named the disease, says in his basic text, *Regional Ileitis*, that cutting off the diseased ileum "is a *sine qua non* to the success of any operation." Less than two years ago, at a doctors' round table, New York Hospital Surgeon William F. Nickel Jr. said to Crohn: "One should never [join] small bowel to large bowel . . . without dividing the small bowel, because those patients invariably get into trouble in our experience. Is that yours?" Replied Dr. Crohn: "That is correct."

But the more experienced an up-to-date surgeon is, the less willing he seems to be to criticize the operation performed on Ike. Many last week echoed the words of a Boston surgeon: "Only the surgeons who did the operation know exactly what they were dealing with, and they alone were qualified to decide what to do." A noted internist, safely out of the surgeons' crossfire, added: "I have seen patients get



well after all three types of operation—and some who have failed to get well after all three."

Relapse Rates. One of the most bandied arguments against bypass without exclusion is that patients have a high rate of relapse. But this is true of all ileitis victims. Dr. Crohn has put the rate at no higher than 35%; Mayo Clinic figures make it 60%. Says Dr. Crohn: "With the increasing length of follow-up studies, it has become evident . . . that the rate of recurrence of ileitis is increasing."

The explanation is simple: the disease was recognized only 24 years ago, and the counting of relapses has always been limited to the years since 1932. Now, relapses have been noted as long as 24 years after the first acute attack. Says Tulane University's Dr. Frederick Boyce: "No matter how expert the therapy and how gratifying the immediate results, there is no assurance whatever that the patient has been cured. A low rate of recurrence [in medical reports] usually means that the follow-up has not been long enough for recurrences to appear."

Boston's Dr. Jacob Fine objects strong-

ly to use of the word "recurrence," which implies that the disease has once been cured and has returned. Not so, he says: the operation does not cure; the disease is still there. It will be there for a long time in the best of cases, even if the inactivated section of ileum atrophies from disuse. There is always the possibility of its breaking out in another healthy stretch of ileum and again becoming acute.

Says another Bostonian, Dr. Louis Zeitzel: "It is this high recurrence rate, even in the hands of the most enthusiastic sponsors of any one form of operation, that has relegated surgery to the role of a palliative rather than curative measure. This disappointing aspect is usually found within a year of operation . . . When the operation is limited to a sidetracking without [exclusion], there may be persistence rather than recurrence of activity—an eventuality found in almost half the patients so treated." Many patients who relapse after surgery require a second operation; several have had a third, some even a fourth.

At the age of 65, U.S. white males have a life expectancy of 13 more years, according to the actuarial tables. A coronary occlusion such as Ike's reduces life expectancy by at least 30%. How much the ileitis further reduces the President's outlook for long life or jeopardizes his working capacity is not known. But in 50% of cases like his there are relapses within five years.

Pocket Gophers & Pregnancy

When Kansas State College hired Freddie Hisaw as an assistant professor of zoology and mammalogist in 1919, he "didn't even know what a mammalogist was. It turned out to be a fancy name for rodent exterminator," says Frederick Lee Hisaw, now 64, "and one of the rodents I was to exterminate was the pocket gopher. But I soon became more interested in live pocket gophers than in dead ones."

What made the little critter (*Geomys bursarius*) so fascinating to Scientist Hisaw was the nature of its pregnancy. To get around in its narrow burrows the animal has to have compressed, leaving an opening too small to let a female deliver its young. But millions of pocket-gopher squeals testify that the female can deliver. In 1925 Dr. Hisaw discovered how: during pregnancy the female pocket gopher secretes a hormone that causes part of the public bones to dissolve, leaving a wider opening. Hisaw named the hormone "relaxin" (TIME, April 10, 1944).

Reward of Patience. Other scientists were not convinced that Dr. Hisaw had discovered anything, because relaxin proved incredibly elusive. But at the University of Wisconsin he had a graduate student named Robert Kroc, who was not only convinced but determined to put Dr. Hisaw's discovery to use. In 1944 Kroc went to work in the laboratories of the Maltine Co., now part of New Jersey's Warner-Chilcott Laboratories. After an expenditure of eleven years and an estimated \$1,000,000, Kroc found a way to



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apply the pocket gopher's hormone to the human female biology—but for a vastly different purpose.

This week Warner-Chilcott announced that all that painstaking effort has produced a new medicine to forestall premature birth. The firm released to medical centers and drug wholesalers a hormone derivative called Releasin, which has the properties of relaxin. In a human, the drug does not work as drastically as in gophers, but it has the effect of "softening" tissues in the birth canal. It does not simply make delivery easier—though it does that too. Its chief virtue is to halt premature labor so that a fetus can be carried to term. Or nearly so. In 75% of 200 cases so far, Releasin has been successful in thus arresting premature labor.

From Sow Ovaries. The chief drawback now is the scarcity of the raw material. There is no way of extracting relaxin from pocket gophers, and it is present in some bigger animals in only negligible quantities. But for some reason that researchers (including Dr. Hisaw, now at Harvard) have not fathomed, the ovaries of the pregnant sow are the best source. Fortunately some sows are pregnant when slaughtered,* and from 110,000 lbs. of sow ovaries a year the laboratories extract 100 ounces of Releasin. This is enough for seven injections for each of 18,000 patients—fewer than one in ten of the U.S. women who annually go into premature labor after the sixth month, when the fetus has a chance of survival. Cost of a seven-shot course: \$150 to \$175, depending on hospital markups.

The Will to Live

Nine days had passed since the Ford sedan carrying James Hixon Jr., 22, of Salt Lake City and his fiancée Jean Margetts of Sunnyvale, Calif. had disappeared. Then, at dusk, a searching airplane pilot spotted the wreckage at the foot of a 300-ft. embankment in Parley's Canyon, just off heavily traveled U.S. 40, in the Wasatch Mountains, east of Salt Lake. Highway patrolmen clambered down to remove the bodies. Hixon lay dead, 20 ft. from the car. Jean Margetts was pinned beneath the car and a log. As Superintendent Lyle Hyatt lifted the log, she gave a low cry. Though chilled by the night air, the body was warm. Jean gave another weak cry and mumbled that she was cold. Hyatt wrapped her in a blanket, rushed her to the hospital. Despite her bruises, emaciation, shock and exposure, doctors said she would live.

Laymen marveled that Jean Margetts had survived nine days without water. The medical explanation: she had been unconscious most of the time, and her metabolism had slowed down drastically. With her breathing volume reduced proportionately, she had lost little water in the form of vapor from her lungs. She had been

* How raisers commonly put a boar in with a herd of lactating sows; otherwise, on coming into heat, they would rush around and wear out a lot of market-value fat. The boar produces them and, in the bargain, creates the main source of Releasin.



JEAN MARGETTS
Nine days passed.

United Press

incredibly fortunate in falling beneath the shade of both the body of the car and heavy oak scrub, and thundershowers conserved her body's water supply by cooling it and checking perspiration.

How long a human being can survive without water varies so much with conditions that doctors recognize no records. In Death Valley, with a hot, drying wind and no shade, survival might well be less than 48 hours. Jean Margetts' case, record or no, was a striking example of the human organism's innate will to live.

Capsules

¶ Estimating that 35 million prescriptions for ataraxic (tranquilizing) drugs (TIME, June 11) will be written in 1956, the American Psychiatric Association got off a warning to its 9,000 members: it "recognizes with enthusiasm the development of . . . drugs for the treatment of psychiatric disorders," but is "concerned about the apparently widespread use of the drugs by the public for the relief of common anxiety, emotional upsets, nervousness and the routine tensions of everyday living."

¶ Production and release of polio vaccine are being stepped up so fast that in a few months there should be no more shortages. The Public Health Service announced that 17 million shots were released in June (almost twice as many as in any previous month), bringing the 1956 total to 79 million.

¶ A record \$184 million for the National Institutes of Health was included in an appropriation bill signed by the President last week. This is \$85 million more than the research institutes got in the fiscal year just ended. Congressmen, influenced greatly by the heart attacks of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and President Eisenhower, were especially generous with the National Heart Institute, gave it \$33 million as against \$19 million last year.



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THE PRESS

The Higher Duty

Is it the first duty of the press to print the news at any price, no matter what the injury? Or should newspapers, in compelling circumstances, acknowledge a higher duty by holding up a story? Last week the New York dailies, though most of them aided instinctively with humanity, failed their severest test.

Like most well-tended babies in the well-tended homes of Westbury, N.Y., brown-haired Peter Weinberger was sleeping off his midday bottle when his mother stepped into the house for a fresh diaper

Manhattan's other major morning papers, the *Herald Tribune* and Hearst's *Daily Mirror*, picked up the story. As clamoring rewrite men and reporters called Nassau County headquarters to check their tips, they were asked by police to hold up the story until after the ransom deadline next day, in hope the kidnaper would collect the ransom and return the baby.

For editors, the blackout request raised the question: Should the press ever abrogate its duty of reporting the news? All wire services and morning dailies except one readily promised to observe the police deadline. The holdout: the *Daily News*, where a reporter promised to relay the police request to the city desk and call

watch from a car. To no one's surprise, the kidnaper did not keep his date.

"Cut Your Throats." Thereafter, the Manhattan press did its best to cooperate. Most papers printed little Peter's formula daily, relayed messages from the Weinbergers to the kidnaper (with no apparent success), ran detailed descriptions of the missing child. But the damage had already been done. Interviewed by three reporters, Peter's sobbing mother cried out: "I could cut all your throats." Fumed Chief of Detectives Stuyvesant Pinell: "We would have got a hell of a lot further if there had been no interference from the press."

On his part, Detective Pinell, whose clumsy handling of the Woodward killing (*TIME*, Nov. 14, 1955) had earned him little respect among newsmen, could have averted any possible misunderstanding if he had briefed the press and pledged it to secrecy immediately after the crime. Later he jeopardized further attempts to pay the ransom: he blabbed to reporters that the packages left by Weinberger contained little real money. When the kidnaper upped the ransom from \$2,000 to \$5,000, Pinell's cops asked most papers and wire services not to print the information, but apparently neglected to call the *Times* and the *News*, which published the story. Later press and TV carried Mrs. Weinberger's promise that police and ministers had pledged cooperation if the kidnaper would leave the baby in a church; that there would be "no trap."

The Humane Thing. When the kidnaper gave no sign of responding to the appeal, police admitted to newsmen that Peter Weinberger's survival was now "a matter for conjecture." At week's end, with little to report, newsmen had time to do some earnest soul-searching. Though other dailies continued to print pointed explanations of why the blackout had failed, the *News* stuck to its story that the police request for secrecy had been made too late. Other newsmen were outspokenly skeptical.

Said the *Times* in an editorial: "Sometimes a newspaper finds it the necessary, or at least the humane thing to do to stop and ask whether a given story should be reported, and when, and whether a life may be put in jeopardy by premature publication of all or certain details. We cannot blame the grief-stricken parents or the police for the indignation they have expressed."

Dead for a Day

Back in 1954, two years after John Fox brought the ailing Boston *Post*, he predicted confidently: "One of the papers now in Boston will not be here on Christmas Eve." Last week, only 18 months behind schedule, Fox's forecast came true. The 125-year-old *Post* closed down.

Though Financial Journalist Fox, 49, had injected new life into the *Post*, circulation and advertising dropped (*TIME*, July 9). Fox himself still owed \$1,000,000 of the \$3,200,000 he agreed to pay for the paper. Last week, after Fox turned down



Division Photo Service

MRS. WEINBERGER & DETECTIVE PINELL WITH NEWSMEN
The damage had already been done.

one afternoon last week. Fifteen minutes later, Beatrice Weinberger walked outside and found that 32-day-old Peter had been kidnapped. On the ground was a neatly written note demanding \$2,000 ransom, to be placed near a neighbor's garage. Wrote the kidnaper: "I'm scared stiff. Do not notify the police until noon tomorrow or I'll be forced to kill the baby."

A few minutes later Morris Weinberger, drug salesman, got home from a drive with his other son, was told the news by his distraught wife. He promptly called Nassau County police headquarters. Neighbors and a swarm of detectives quickly spread the news through the fashionable Long Island suburb. Inevitably, someone called the New York newspapers.

Broken Date. The first paper to hear about the kidnapping apparently was the New York *Times*—at 7 p.m., four hours after Peter's abduction. Half an hour later the tip reached Manhattan's tabloid *Daily News*. Soon the wire services and

back. By 8 p.m. Police Secretary John MacDonald started telephoning the other morning papers to get formal confirmation of their pledge to withhold the story. But, said police, at about 8:30 p.m., the *News* had called to say it could not hold the story; by then a small early edition of the *News* was on the street with a brief bulletin on the case. Half an hour later the tabloid's big second edition banned the kidnapping on Page One, ran a full account inside. MacDonald promptly called the other morning papers to release them from their pledges. The *News*, for what it was worth, had scored a clean beat.

Next day the Long Island countryside swarmed with reporters, photographers and TV cameramen. Newsmen interviewed the Weinbergers' neighbors and the neighbors' children, besieged the parents with calls. At 10 a.m., when Weinberger placed the ransom at the nearby spot specified in the note, three newsmen were allowed to

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Boston Attorney John S. Bottomly's offer to buy the *Post*, he folded the paper.

But the *Post* mortem proved premature. Next day Attorney Bottomly, 34-year-old principal in a group of "public-spirited" buyers, met again with Fox and got a 24-day option to buy the *Post* (for a reported \$1,500,000). Bottomly put up \$100,000 for his option, agreed to settle the *Post*'s \$44,000 back income-tax bill; Fox promised employees some \$35,000 in back pay. With its Sunday edition, the day-old corpse resumed publishing.

End of the War

For Tokyo's oldest and biggest English-language daily, World War II officially ended last week. In 1942, the *Japan Times* was ordered by Tojo's bullyboys to change its title, substitute *Nippon*—the name by which Japanese know their country—for its Western-style *Japan*. Last week, after 14 years as the *Nippon Times*, the paper took its old name back to signify a "rededication to the high principles and purposes of the free press."

By either name, the *Times* (slogan: "All the News Without Fear or Favor") is a shining postwar example for the free press in a country which, with 143 dailies, gets a heavy diet of sob stories and sensationalism. The eight-page *Japan Times* conscientiously buries trivia, tries painstakingly to cover the news in depth.

Diplomatic Rewrite. Japanese government officials rely on the *Japan Times* for significant international news; the dispatches from foreign embassies are often rewrites from the *Japan Times*. With five wire services and a battery of U.S. columnists, from Lippmann to Leonard Lyons, the paper also appeals to internationally minded Japanese citizens, who account for half its 78,935 circulation. The *Times*'s temperate editorial policy is often an effective answer to the xenophobic views of other Japanese newspapers.

Founded 59 years ago with the aim of interpreting the awakened nation's "views, sentiments and aspirations to the outside world," the *Japan Times* was the country's first English-language daily to be started by a Japanese, Motosada Zumoto, secretary to famed Prince Ito. It is still the only independent among the nation's four English-language dailies. The *Japan Times* before the war had powerful backing from the Mitsubishi and Mitsui trusts and government-linked financial houses. During the war, the *Times* was subsidized by the Japanese Foreign Office, which used the paper as a propaganda medium.

Divorce with Dividends. Though it survived the war, unlike 50% of Japan's 132 dailies, General MacArthur soon divorced the paper from government control, ordered all *Times* stock to be sold to its employees. The *Times* seldom massacres its chosen language, thanks to crack translators. Most of its memorable *faux pas* have been perpetrated by foreign-born journalists who know little of Japanese customs. Readers still chuckle over a story written for the *Times* by an American woman who dined unwittingly at Tokyo's most notorious whorehouse.

TIME, JULY 16, 1956



PLENTY FOR ALL...

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Staunch Friend. The *Times's* high regard for Western journalistic methods is due to a large extent the legacy of Kiyoichi Togasaki, a San Francisco-born newspaperman (University of California, '20) who ran the paper for 14 years until his retirement from active management last January. He was succeeded as president by Shintaro Fukushima, 49, a tough onetime diplomat. Fukushima is one of the West's staunchest supporters in Japan. Says he: "The only way Japan can live is in the sphere of the free world. We'll continue to say that in our editorials."



Newsday, Long Island
NEWSHEN RISES
 No nude hen, she.

One way to blow off steam in suburban Long Island is to write a letter to *Newsday* (circ. 230,972), which runs readers' complaints in a special "County Irritant" column. Last month, after two teen-age girls had signed their names to a letter lamenting the dearth of summer jobs, one of the girls became more irritated than ever. She complained that after her letter appeared, a telephone caller had offered her a \$6-a-week job as all-around office helper. One of the job requirements: modeling in the nude.

Newsway decided to set a trap for the bouncer. It ran another letter, signed by Staffer Gwen Risedorf, also protesting the shortage of jobs. When the telephone rang last week in Mrs. Risedorf's home, the caller carried on a lewd conversation, made a date with Reporter Risedorf. When he showed up, the waiting cops pounced, arrested Donald J. Shannon, 33. He promptly pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct. There was only one embarrassing note in *Newsway's* fine detective work. Shannon turned out to be a *Newsway* employee—a district circulation manager. He was promptly fired.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Yvonne de Carlo, 34, sultry brunette cinemactress (*The Captain's Paradise*), and Robert Drew Morgan, 41, Hollywood stunt man: their first child, a son; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Bruce Ross. Weight: 7 lbs. 7 oz.

Died. Francis John Myers, 54, plodding, fair-dealing onetime (1945-51) Democratic U.S. Senator from Pennsylvania, three-time (1939-45) Congressman (West Philadelphia), Senate whip in the 81st Congress and floor leader for Adlai Stevenson at the 1952 Democratic National Convention; of leukemia; in Philadelphia.

Died. Judge Rubey Mosley Hulen, 61, U.S. District Court jurist who presided at the recent trial of Matthew J. Connelly and T. Lamar Caudle, onetime Truman Administration officials convicted last month (TIME, June 25) of conspiring to fix a Government tax case, and who was scheduled to sentence them next week; of a gunshot wound in the head while on his backyard pistol range; in St. Louis.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Walter William Van Kirk, 64, globetrotting head (since 1950) of the National Council of Churches' Department of International Affairs, co-founder (with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles) of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs (1946), longtime (1925-50) executive secretary of the Federal Council of Churches' Department of International Justice and Goodwill, special adviser to the U.S. delegation at the founding (1945) of the United Nations in San Francisco, onetime (1934-49) popular radio commentator (NBC's *Religion in the News*) and sometime author (*A Christian Global Strategy*); of a heart attack; in Thousand Island Park, N.Y.

Died. Giovanni Papini, 75, brilliant Italian philosopher (*A Finished Man*) and biographer (*Dante Vivo*, *Michelangelo*), author of the bestselling *Life of Christ* (1921), a celebrated but intensely personal act of repentance by which he tried to atone for his early, noisy atheism; after long illness; in Florence, Italy. A revolutionary turned ascetic, near-blind Author Papini dallied with the Devil nearly all his life ("My relations with the Devil are very ancient . . . It seems to me important that men should know him intimately"), made emptiness of the soul his province, with his bleak rendering (1931) of *Gog* ("Is not bread perhaps the only thing that nourishes man, the only truth in the world?"). Long after his return to Roman Catholicism, Papini could still write hopefully in *Il Diavolo* (1953): "Theological treatises will continue to say no to the doctrine of a total and final reconciliation [between God and the Devil], but the heart, which has reasons which reason knows not of, will go on yearning for and expecting the answer to be yes."

TIME, JULY 16, 1956

How do you take issue with a lump in the throat?

There are plenty of facts to prove that the expansion of the federal government into the electric power business is uneconomical, inefficient and downright dangerous. But facts often have tough going against the emotional arguments used by advocates of federal government power projects.

Speaking for the TVA, for instance, a U. S. Senator recently said this:

I wonder if any one [of TVA's critics] has ever driven along a country road, when dusk is falling in this valley. I wonder if they have ever seen the lights come on as the darkness deepens. From barns and sheds, from kitchens and parlors the lovely pattern they make is a symbol of what TVA has meant to the people. I wonder if [these critics] have ever visited the majestic dams and steam plants built by TVA, and if their hearts were ever stirred as mine is every time I read the plaque which each one bears: "Built for the People of the United States."

How do you take issue with this kind of a lump in the throat?

You can point out that these plants were *not* built "for the People of the United States" but were built for members of a special favored class

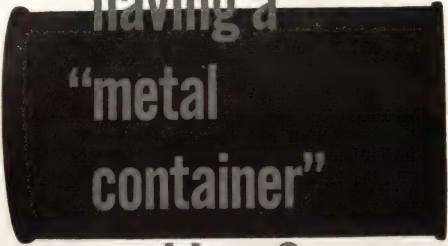
who are given first call on this electricity under federal law.

You can explain that federal government electric rates are not "cheap" but are low only because they are subsidized by extra taxes from citizens all over the country.

You can show that all the sections of the country that are served by the more than 400 independent electric light and power companies, enjoy the comforts and conveniences of electricity, too.

But these facts aren't enough unless we can arm ourselves against the emotional tactics of the advocates of government ownership. These federal power groups claim that government ownership promotes orderliness—but it really breeds inefficiency. They say it broadens ownership—but it actually concentrates political power. They insist it favors the underprivileged—but it creates a new privileged class.

The next time you hear someone argue for federal government electricity, watch for the "lump in the throat." Emotions may be throwing up a smoke screen that hides the facts. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**. * Names on request from this magazine



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Summer Surge

"Despite a paucity of favorable news, the stock market had a good session yesterday under the leadership of steels," reported the New York Times one day last week. It was the understatement of the week. With 650,000 steelworkers on strike and 90% of the industry shut down, there seemed little cheer for Wall Street's traders; yet they scrambled to buy. Along with steels, oil and aircraft stocks pushed higher, and the 1936 bull market went up on three of the four trading days. By week's end the Dow-Jones industrial average stood at 504.14. The rise of 11.36 points in the week put the market at the highest level since early May and well within striking distance of the alltime 521.05 high in April.

Pinches & Prices. Why all the optimism? Part of it was the absence of any real bitterness in the steel strike, even though other industries also started to feel the pinch. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which gets 30% of its revenues from the steel industry, imposed a 10% pay cut on all nonunion employees. Some 90,000 other workers in rail, truck and water transportation industries were laid off. To keep defense plants running, the Government clamped a freeze on certain steel stocks, ordered warehouses to ship them only to defense contractors. Yet it would still be several weeks before any real pinch was felt, and no one was crying crisis.

In Pittsburgh neither union nor management seemed anxious enough for a speedy settlement to make concessions. Federal mediators met with United Steelworkers' Boss David J. McDonald and U.S. Steel's Vice President John A. Ste-

phens, came away saying only that they would "be in touch." The workers themselves seemed unworried. Said one grizzled crane operator: "I guess I can eat and sleep no matter how late the strike lasts."

Most steelmen also appeared unconcerned. Industry reports put current steel inventories at close to 18 million tons, although it is unevenly distributed. Steelmakers, who have worried about the effects of a big price boost to pay for a wage increase, might well feel that users would swallow the boost more easily with lower stocks on hand. Some small steel companies unaffected by the strike had already raised prices from \$6 to \$16 a ton; a short breasting spell would help smooth the ground for an industry-wide boost later.

Changing Tune. The biggest reason for the stock market's optimism was the brightening tone of the whole economy. The mood was evident not so much in statistics—though they were bolstering—as in the thoughts and words of businessmen themselves. Previously, forecasters had predicted a second-half readjustment; now the talk was of continuing good business with perhaps even a slow, steady rise to the end of the year. As the Manhattan First National City Bank noted: "Business reports through June have been sufficiently favorable to moderate the pessimism which appeared after the disappointing automobile news in mid-April. Recent reports indicate no spread and perhaps some improvement in the soft spots."

Detroit's automakers reported that they had lopped another 100,000 cars off their inventories, that sales were steady with prospects of still more improvement in July. And in other lines, U.S. consumers continued to buy at record rates. Retail sales across the U.S. in June were 11% higher than June 1955, steamed into July with a 10% bulge over the same week in 1955. To the sensitive ears of Wall Street's traders last week, the quickening business pace meant but one thing: buy.

officials of municipal bus lines to write restrictive specifications to exclude bids from other manufacturers. As a result, said the complaint, more than 20 G.M. competitors have withdrawn from bus-building since 1925, and no new company has come into the field since 1946. The Government asked the court to "perpetually" prohibit G.M.'s monopolistic practices, and to enjoin G.M. from supplying more than 50% of the bus requirements of four principal bus operators (Greyhound Corp., National City Lines, New York City Omnibus Corp., Public Service Coordinated Transport).

Said G.M. President Harlow Curtice: "General Motors engages in no discrimination as regards prices, terms and conditions in the sale of its buses." G.M.'s leadership, he said, is based simply on the fact that its buses operate "from 1.5¢ to 2.5¢ per mile cheaper than competitors' buses. The economics of the motor-coach industry are such that a fraction of a cent operating cost per mile can spell the difference between success and failure of the operator. It would appear that the action seeks to regiment the customer—in effect telling him that he is not free to buy the product where he can get it to his best advantage."

REAL ESTATE

New History for Old

In the roaring '20s Roosevelt Field, only 20 miles from Manhattan's Times Square, was America's "Cradle of Aviation." There one rainy dawn in May, 1927, Charles Augustus Lindbergh took off for Paris; within the next 40 days Clarence Chamberlin set out for Berlin and Richard Evelyn Byrd took off for the Continent.



G.M.'s CURTICE
Detour on the highway.

GOVERNMENT

The Wayward Buses

The long-trumpeted Justice Department suit accusing General Motors of illegally monopolizing the manufacture and sale of buses (TIME, March 19) was finally announced last week with a touch of TV hoopla (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). The 13-page complaint filed in Detroit's Federal District Court charged that G.M.'s bus division (annual sales: \$55 million) conspired with four major bus operators to corner 84% (2,724 units) of the bus market last year. Its largest competitor, the Flexible Co., sold only 215.

G.M., according to the Justice Department, exercised illegal control by 1) putting a G.M. officer in as board chairman of a principal competitor; 2) extending preferential prices to favored customers; 3) refusing to sell buses to competitors of favored customers; and 4) inducing



WEBB & KNAPP'S ZECKENDORF
Whirling at the airport.

TIME CLOCK

landing in the French surf. Roosevelt saw Wiley Post and Harold Gatty fly off in the *Winnie Mae* one June day in 1931, returning eight days, 15 hours, 51 minutes later, having set a new round-the-world mark; seven years later Douglas Corrigan roared away for "California," wound up at Baldonnel Airfield, Dublin, and went down in history as "Wrong Way Corrigan." Then five years ago, Roosevelt's history-making days seemed over; housing developments were going up all around it, and it was closed.

But the fantastic growth of the surrounding population—the very situation that led to the closing of Roosevelt Field—set the promotional and money-making gears of Real-Estate Tycoon William Zeckendorf to whirling. Why not build an integrated shopping, office and industrial center to cash in on the growth? Last week, unlike many a Zeckendorf production, this one was actually nearing completion.

Roosevelt Field's 370 acres will have the world's largest shopping center (1,387,000 sq. ft. of retail selling space), an office center (50 acres) and an industrial center (123 acres). More than 1,000,000 sq. ft. of industrial space has already been built and is being used by such firms as American Bosch Arma, Pepsi-Cola Bottling, Sperry Rand Marine Division, Graybar Electric.

R. H. Macy & Co. will open its largest branch on Aug. 22, a two-story building with 300,000 sq. ft. of selling space. Nine one-story buildings, housing 110 stores from Buster Brown Shoes to Woolworth's, will open in September. Underground will run an air-conditioned concourse. Outside there will be parking space for 17,000 cars. Total cost: more than \$50 million.

Zeckendorf's project has an impressive economic base, Nassau County, the fastest growing New York City suburb, increased its population 140% between 1940 and 1954. Today the shopping center estimates: 1) a potential market of 1,300,000 (1,600,000 by 1960) inside a ten-mile radius; 2) 37,000 customers for their stores on ordinary shopping days, 57,000 on pre-Christmas peak days; 3) \$80 million in gross retail sales its first operating year.

With \$33 million in loans from banks and insurance companies, the project has already paid off handsomely for Zeckendorf. In 1950 his realty firm, Webb & Knapp, put up \$1,500,000 to buy a 60% interest in Roosevelt Field Inc., paying an average \$9 a share. By last year the shares hit \$45 on the American Stock Exchange and were split 3 for 1.

Zeckendorf does not live in burgeoning Nassau County. Besides an eight-room Manhattan apartment, he has a 70-acre waterfront estate in Greenwich, Conn., where he has moved more than a million cubic yards of earth to change the shoreline, installed a 350-by-70-ft. swimming pool, and dredged out a ½-acre fresh-water lake for bass. Last week he bought a twelve-room, \$27,000 Greenwich house, ½ mile from his estate, just to house his servants.

TWO-DRINK LIMIT will be imposed by airlines on domestic flights to head off possible congressional action against drinking aloft. Size of the drinks: 1.6 oz. No limit on beer and wine.

HARDTOP CONVERTIBLES with tops that slide down into recessed area over trunk are being tested by both Ford and Chevrolet. Ford is expected to unveil such a car this fall.

WESTERN UNION RATES on domestic telegrams will go up July 29 unless FCC blocks boost. To meet increased costs, Western Union plans to hike rates 5¢ to 15¢ for each telegram going farther than 125 miles, thus collect an additional \$11.4 million yearly.

MAIL-ORDER PRICES are going up again this fall. New catalogues for Sears, Roebuck & Co. are hiking prices 1½% overall, while Montgomery Ward & Co. is boosting prices 2% on some appliances and home furnishings.

MOSCOW FAIR FOR U.S. industry and agriculture next summer is latest Soviet overture to boost East-West trade. Reds want American businessmen to display industrial machines, agricultural products, fashions and fabrics. Reds say they will also set aside \$15 million to buy goods of "outstanding quality" right off display stands.

WALL STREET MERGER will join Eastman, Dillon & Co. and Union Securities Corp., two of nation's biggest investment bankers and underwriters. To be called Eastman, Dillon, Union Securities & Co., new firm will have assets of more than \$17 million. Combined underwriting business since Jan. 1, 1955: \$770 million in corporate issues and municipal bonds.

FIRST SHIPS released by Maritime Commission under emergency program to relieve ship shortage (TIME, July 2) will go to Isbrandt-

sen Line, which will get 15 moth-balled Liberty ships from reserve fleet, use them to carry coal to Western European markets, where demand far outstrips supply. Lease arrangement is for 15% of ships' sale price, or \$1,225,000 for total one-year charter.

CAPITAL TRANSIT CO., Washington's oft-troubled transportation system, which Financier Louis Wolfson milked of millions (TIME, June 25), will finally be sold. For \$13.5 million, syndicate headed by Manhattan Real Estateman O. Roy Chalk has agreed to buy bus and streetcar line, is expected to take over next month when current franchise runs out. Originally, Chicago's National City Lines planned to buy, but later withdrew.

POTATO SHORTAGE is sending prices to highest level in 40 years. On Chicago market, California red potatoes currently bring \$10 to \$10.50 per 100 lbs., up \$4 since May and \$7 higher than year ago at this time; Maine potato futures last week hit new high for this year of \$3.07 per 100 lbs.

TRANS-EUROPEAN PIPELINE to carry oil from Mediterranean to North Sea is planned by Royal Dutch-Shell group. To cost up to \$280 million, project is for 30-in. line running 700 miles from Marseilles north through France and Germany to Rotterdam with spur branching off to Paris. Possible connection: a line running from Wilhelmshaven, Germany, 185 miles south through Ruhr industrial area.

RARE METAL FIND has been uncovered by Gulf Oil Corp. in Northern Ontario. A Gulf subsidiary, Dominion Gulf Co., has discovered major deposit of columbium ore, expensive (\$120 per lb. of powder) and strategically important toughening ingredient for steel. Find is so big, says Gulf, that it will lead to new uses for columbium alloys in aircraft, petroleum and chemical industries.

angle. In return for building the new tankers in the U.S., he wanted permission from the Government to transfer ten of his war-surplus tankers plus another vessel, most of them bought from the U.S., to foreign registry. Running under foreign regulations and paying low foreign wage rates automatically reduces operating costs by as much as 50%, and increases the value of each tanker by approximately \$1,000,000.

Last week the Federal Maritime Board approved the "trade-out and build" scheme "in principle," as it has with other shipowners. It was now up to Onassis to take the next steps and complete the deal. He had 90 days to prove ability to finance the colossal plan and show evidence that he had signed binding construction contracts.

SHIPPING

Onassis' Sea Monster

Ten years ago the largest tankers plying the seas were 18,500-tonners. Last week Shipowner Aristoteles Socrates Onassis, who operates under five flags, confirmed plans to build a 100,500-tonner, more than twice as big as the largest existing tanker, the 47,500-tonner owned by his brother-in-law, Stavros Niarchos. Onassis' 135-ft.-wide, 935-ft.-long ship would cruise at 16 knots, carry a crew of 70. It probably will be built by Bethlehem Steel Corp.'s Shipbuilding Division at Quincy, Mass. Along with the supertanker, Tycoon Onassis also plans three smaller ships—two tankers of 32,650 tons apiece, another of 46,000 tons.

As usual, Onassis' scheme had a canny

PROTECTION FOR INVESTORS

The SEC Is Unequal to the Job

TERRIFIC. The oil is coming out so fast that I have to get a bulldozer to dig ditches to keep it from running all over." Hearing such dazzling reports, 100 Midwest investors recently plunked down \$1,500,000 for shares in tiny Keystone Oil Co. As it turned out, Keystone was more talk than oil. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Government's watchdog over securities markets, filed charges against Chicago Promoter Harry G. Ames, 61, on 14 counts of mail fraud and failure to comply with SEC regulations. The Keystone case, coming after the collapse of Belanca stock (*TIME*, June 25) and indictment of Walter F. Tellier (*TIME*, May 7), pointed up a growing debate in the U.S. securities industry: Is SEC doing a good job of policing the nation's securities or is it falling behind as markets grow bigger and bigger?

Most experts agree that SEC, under Chairman J. Sinclair Armstrong, does a competent job in the main areas of responsibility outlined by Congress in the Securities Act of 1933. Such evils as rigged markets have disappeared, and Wall Street, which once fought bitterly against Government interference, now stands solidly behind SEC's work. Backed by strict laws, SEC makes sure that all new issues by listed corporations are accompanied by registration statements giving enough financial information to investors.

But to some critics the problem is not so much what SEC does as what it does not do. Originally set up to control an industry marketing about \$2.8 billion worth of new corporate securities annually, it must now regulate a booming giant growing at the rate of \$10 billion annually. In 1955 some 4,000 stock and bond issues worth an estimated \$340 billion were traded on U.S. exchanges, another 3,500 stock issues worth nearly \$40 billion on the over-the-counter market. With the new boom in mutual funds and monthly investment plans, there are more shareholders trading more stock every day. But critics argue that SEC is not growing with its job.

SEC draws the heaviest fire in the policing of securities, often highly speculative, which are traded over the counter. The worst problem is in issues of \$300,000 or less, which promoters are pouring out at an increasing rate. In 1955 alone, there were 1,628 such issues worth \$296 million, many of them in chancy mining operations. SEChairman Armstrong himself estimates that one-third of all small issues are "questionable" at best. Yet under

current SEC practice, offerings of less than \$300,000 are exempt from the full disclosure requirements of standard company issues. Furthermore, unlike the larger companies whose officers are liable under civil law for misstatements of fact, issuers of exempt securities are not held accountable except under federal fraud statutes.

To plug the loophole, Michigan's Republican Congressman John B. Bennett wants to require that issuers of all stock offerings, no matter how small, be liable to civil suits. SEChairman Armstrong argues that such a rule would put too harsh a burden on small businessmen, who often cannot afford to hire experts to prepare a full registration statement. Actually, SEC needs no new law to tighten up on small issues. While investors lost millions, the SEC had administrative power all the time to curb marginal issues. Exemption is not automatic: the law merely permits SEC to grant exemptions up to \$300,000. Chairman Armstrong has not used these powers to clamp down on risky issues, because he is worried about angry howls from small business groups—always the darlings of Congress—and about the reaction of Western Congressmen, who know all too well that any such SEC offensive would hit hard at small mining outfits in their home states.

SEC is also hampered by a staff too small to do the job, notably to halt crooked boilerroom operations and blitz telephone campaigns to sell stocks. While it suspended 48 small issues from trading in 1955 v. only nine in 1954, it is like trying to clear a landslide with a whiskbroom. In 1955, SEC operated on a budget of less than \$5,000,000, had a skeleton staff of only 609 people. In fiscal 1957 SEC will get \$5,749,000 from Congress, build up to a staff of 790, but it will still be 25% below its strength immediately following World War II.

Currently, Chairman Armstrong wants Congress to give him a wide range of new powers over unlisted securities, covering companies with assets of \$2,000,000 or more. The National Association of Securities Dealers argues that investors in such established firms already get full information: that SEC would do better to concentrate on the laws now on its books than add still more burdens. New powers or not, if SEC is to do its job it needs a far bigger staff and a more aggressive use of the powers it has. With more people owning more securities than ever in history, SEC's policemen have never been more important.

WALL STREET

Shutting the Back Door

To get a listing on the Big Board of the New York Stock Exchange, a corporation must meet some stiff requirements. The company must prove that it is stable, show net earnings of at least \$1,000,000 the preceding year, have at least 1,500 stockholders. But there is a back door to a listing that has been much easier to slip through. Unlisted companies have bought up the corporate shell of a firm listed on the exchange, thus picked up the listing with no trouble. In other cases companies have sold out everything but the listing, then gone into a different field under a new name. Last week the exchange's Board of Governors bolted this back door. Henceforth, said President Keith Funt, "the Stock Exchange will refuse to list additional stock if the surviving company does not meet current initial listing standards."

TRAVEL

Cheap Money

As the biggest peacetime exodus from the U.S. to Europe was reaching its peak last week, there came some dollar-saving advice for the 1,250,000 tourists who will spend \$2 billion abroad this year. Nicholas Deak, who heads Manhattan's Deak & Co. and Perera Co. foreign-exchange companies, said that travelers could save millions by buying their foreign currency on the U.S. free market before they leave. As it is, most travelers buy their lire, pesetas and francs abroad, where currency is often pegged at unrealistically high official rates. Travelers can beat the official rate by trading in the black market, but they risk being stuck with counterfeit bills or a fistful of paper wrapped in bank notes.

Deak figures that the best bargain in New York is in currencies of countries that have no import limits, although their official rates stand much higher than the free rate. Among these are France's franc (which was selling in the U.S. last week at 395 to the dollar, v. 350 in Paris), Bolivia's boliviano (5,500 v. 190), Argentina's peso. Even where limits exist—as in Spain, Finland, Turkey—tourists can take in the legal amount and still make a saving. Where money is stable and the saving small, travelers still find it handy to take along local money for early-arrival tips, taxis, incidentals.

Some examples of the spread, based on the dollar, between official and free exchange rates:

	N.Y. FREE MARKET	OFFICIAL RATE
Argentina	32 pesos to the \$1	18 to the \$1
Bolivia	5,500 bolivianos	190
Brazil	83 cruzeiros	18.75
Burma	10 kayats	4.76
Finland	300 marks	231
France	395 francs	350
Japan	385 yen	360
Pakistan	6,40 rupees	4.76
Philippines	2.85 pesos	2
Spain	43 pesetas	38.95
Turkey	9.50 lire	2.80

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Wherever you see "Harvestore" ...you see a money-making farm

AS you drive through the countryside, notice the bright blue landmarks on America's agricultural horizon. They are A. O. Smith's revolutionary *Harvestore* feed processing units — working productive wonders for business-minded farmers everywhere.

You see, exclusive *Harvestore* construction seals out spoilage... seals in nutritious freshness. Result — "live storage" that slashes feeding costs and waste... allows far more profitable use of grains and grasses. All this and automatic materials handling, too—with *Harvestore's* mechanical bottom unloader teamed to a mechanized cattle feeder. Moreover, *Harvestore* is glass-fused-on-steel inside and out... requires virtually no maintenance.

Like scores of other products for home, farm and industry — this remarkable feed storage unit is the end-result of A. O. Smith's creative research that makes ideas come true. Write for free booklet, "The *Harvestore* Farm Profit Plan" ... see how we work steel to make steel work for you.



Through research  ... a better way

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...where creative work

with steel makes products

like these for home,

farm and industry



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Permagas home heating and cooling systems



Glass-lined and stainless tanks

Glass processing equipment



Vertical turbine pumps

Line pipe, all well casing



Harvestors for the farm
Permagas Storage Units for industry

Pressure vessels, heat exchangers, glass-lined smoke stacks



Gasoline dispensers, liquid meters

Welding machines, electrodes, accessories



Electric motors

Automobile frames

AUTOS

The Little Giants

European automakers are doing peak business in the U.S. Although their sales are only about 1% of the U.S. total, in the first four months of this year they jumped to 24,154 v. 12,653 for the same period a year ago. Biggest increase is in the sale of Volkswagens, for which there is now a three months' wait.

Last week Volkswagen, which is West Germany's top manufacturer, reported record output of 329,893 cars in 1955, said that it expects to produce 400,000 this year. The entire West German industry is doing so well (283,000 cars in



Sam Nocella—List

VOLKSWAGEN'S NORDHOFF
The less weight, the more wait.

the first four months this year) that the Bonn Republic claims the title of world's No. 2 automaker (after the U.S.).

Volkswagen, which exported 34,000 models to the U.S. in 1955, expects to ship 40,000 this year and might be able to sell 50% more. But other business is too pressing. Its deliveries in Sweden are four months behind, and Germans must wait up to eight months. Other West German manufacturers are also doing well. Exports of the sleek, expensive Mercedes Benz are up 20%; Porsche has already shipped 1,034 cars to the U.S., almost as many as in all of 1955. Even the French industry is buzzing at a record rate.

Only the British industry, once Europe's leader, seems to be weakening. Worldwide exports have fallen catastrophically—from 177,000 cars in '55's first five months to 14,000 in the corresponding period this year. In the U.S., British cars, once the foreign pace setters, have become a poor second to West Germany's.

It is the small foreign car that is selling well in the U.S., and Volkswagen's Boss Heinz Nordhoff summed up the reason: "The longer and sleeker they build them in the U.S., the better we like it."

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for the modern office

Shaw-Walker Work-Organizer Desks are guaranteed to help you get more done. The drawers organize everything from paper clips to records—put what's needed most in easiest position for quickest use.

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Is your family autoconditioned?

A new hypnotic technique called "autoconditioning", that can help stop family quarrels, is revealed in *Why Fight With Your Husband?*, in July *McCall's*. It's a fascinating "do-it-yourself" way to harmonize home relationships.

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HOW TO READ A WHISKEY LABEL

by
J.P. Van Winkle
President
Sitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Read signs were a special puzzle to the illiterate notions peddler who used to visit our Kentucky town. He could read "how fur" but not "whur to!"

Most folks read their whiskey label with as little understanding.

Now a whiskey bottle makes interesting reading to the man who wants to know what he's buying. Perhaps I can clear up a few "whur to's."

"Bottled-in-Bond" on your label means the whiskey is bottled under Government supervision, and always at 100 proof.

It is all one straight whiskey, commingled with none from any other distillery, or even with another season's production from its own. It is never under four years old, and always aged in new charred oak barrels.

The green Government stamp atop the bottle tells you the season and year, the name, address and number of the distillery.

Only your "Bottled-in-Bond" tells you the full "whur to."

"Straight" on your label likewise means that the whiskey is the product of one distillery, bottled at no less than 80 proof or under two years old. Most are older and "proof-ier."

"Blended whiskey" is a mixture of straight whiskey and alcohol.

The blender may lawfully use as little as 1 5/8 straight whiskey, piecing out the remainder with alcohol, so long as the finished blend does not fall under 80 proof.

Most preferred blends are somewhat "richer" in whiskey and proof than minimum requirements. The fine print on the back label tells you "how fur."

Which of the above sign posts points to satisfaction for you is strictly a matter of taste.

Our OLD FITZGERALD Bourbon is always Bottled-in-Bond, always at 100 proof, and is especially made for men of mature tastes who like their whiskey round, full bodied, rich flavored.

We invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have discovered the generous dimensions in the OLD FITZGERALD bottle, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

RETAIL TRADE

What Women Want

What do American women want for the \$4 billion a year they spend on clothes? To find out, Manhattan's elegant Bergdorf Goodman sent detailed questionnaires to 7,000 New York housewives, career women, debutantes and students picked from the roster of a mailing-list firm. The 1,542 replies sent a storm of controversy whistling through the salons and cutting rooms of the sensitive women's-wear industry.

Chief objection of the women customers is the industry's topsy-turvy custom of offering June's clothes in January.

boldly featured several window displays of bathing suits.

Hats That Stay. The questionnaire turned up other criticisms. Overwhelmingly, the women reported that it was practically impossible to find the basic, simple black dress that "isn't too hot in New York and can be worn morning through evening." They wanted blouses with "plenty of tail" that won't pull out of skirts, cottons that need no ironing, "hats that stay put." They disdained frills and gewgaws in favor of "simple, good classic lines," "feminine but not frilly romantic clothes."

One businesswoman who rides subways five days a week said: "We'd love dark



BERGDORF GOODMAN'S GOODMAN & MODELS WITH SHOPPER (CELESTE HOLM). Down with buckety-boskety hats and saleswomen who call you "dearie."

January's in June. Cried one anguished woman: "Never in season can one find the clothes one needs. Bathing suits in July—never! Winter cocktail clothes after Christmas—never! You lose valuable trade because you do not cater to people when they need things." For this, manufacturers last week blamed the department stores: "The store buyer doesn't think ahead. If it's a cold spring, she gets panicky, concentrates on getting rid of what she had, and won't reorder fresh stock early." The stores blamed manufacturers: "Try to reorder anything in May. The manufacturers don't think ahead. They order only enough fabric to cover our first orders."

Here and there, however, signs cropped up last week that the customer criticisms were having some effect. Three top bathing-suit makers—Cole of California, Jantzen, Rose Marie Reid—reported that some New York stores had agreed to carry a complete line of swim suits to Aug. 1 instead of closing out after July 4. On the Fourth, Bergdorf defied usual custom,

cottons for summer—no white trim to get dirty long before the dress." Another pleaded for a "good girdle to work in, not requiring stockings." They suggested "stores arranged so that all coats are on one floor, same for dresses and suits. It's a nuisance running from one price-range department to another—always have a feeling you haven't seen everything."

Slacks That Slack. There was a long list of pet peeves: the big "boskety-boskety hats," "slacks that are too slack in the rear," "sheath-skirts that make it so awkward to get in or out of taxis," "dresses with petticoats that wilt after the first washing, the 'no-ironing' synthetic fabrics that do need ironing, white collars and cuffs that are not detachable, the store that advertises a dress on Sunday and is 'out of it' on Monday."

Most heartfelt gripe: store help that doesn't. The customers described sales clerks as "high-pressure, pseudo-snobs, impolite, disinterested," complained that they either "act like leeches or ignore you." Singled out for special mention

"We've Got To Remember To Key This Plant To Motor Transport... Or It Won't Be Modern!"



He's right, of course, and his advice is being repeated in new plant conferences like this the country over.

It's significant, to begin with, that the practice of having traffic managers sit in on discussions of plans for new plants is growing. With transportation such a vital part of every business enterprise, this is as it should be.

And with motor transport offering so many advantages over other forms of transportation—like greater flexibility, faster service, less handling, and fewer claims—to mention some of the most im-

portant—it's no wonder that modern traffic managers for the most part are making sure that new or remodeled plants are planned to profit by truck transportation.

Traffic managers can be invaluable in analyzing new plant set-ups from the transportation standpoint and they should be called in to planning sessions early in the game when there is still plenty of time to give consideration to their recommendations.

Traffic managers are in the best position of all to know that only a plant designed to be served by motor transport is a modern plant!



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These two Michigan Tractor Shovels handle the entire job of stripping old asphalt paving from a Chicago street. With scarifier teeth fitted underneath the bucket, one machine cuts the asphalt into long strips, then doubles back to assist the other machine which spends full time stripping and loading. According to the contractor, the Michigans handle the job faster and cheaper than any other type of equipment.



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A giant Clark truck—30,000 lb. capacity—handles ponderous sections of concrete pipe for the new Havana National Aqueduct Project, Cuba. This machine is the largest in Clark's broad line of lift trucks which range in capacity all the way from 1,000 lbs. to 30,000 lbs. There's a Clark truck to meet every handling requirement, large or small.

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were saleswomen who "call you 'dearie,' have a superior attitude when you ask for something a little cheaper, or say: 'But madam, it's the fashion; everyone is wearing it.'"

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Lieut. General (U.S.A.F., ret.) Elwood R. ("Pete") Quesada, 52, was named chairman of Los Angeles' Topp Industries, Inc. (estimated annual sales: \$5,000,000), which specializes in research-manufacture of electronic and automated devices for aerial navigation, fire control and missiles. Quesada said: "We will accent reliability of performance—a characteristic woefully lacking in all our military weapons today."

¶ W. Eric Phillips, 63, became chairman and chief executive officer of Canadian Nissey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd., largest automobile maker in the British Empire (1954 world sales: \$168 million). He replaced James Stuart Duncan, a company hand for 46 years, who resigned as president, and board chairman. The post of president remains vacant. Toronto-born and educated (University of Toronto '14), Phillips won a colonelcy in the British army in World War I, returned home and went into glass manufacture, did so well that in World War II he headed up the 55-acre, Government-operated Research Enterprises (radar and optical firing equipment). Tall, balding, an unbending pillar of Toronto society, Phillips is already president of two corporations (Duplate Canada, Fiberglass Canada), board chairman of another two (Canadian Pittsburgh Industries, Argus Corp.), chairman of the board of governors, University of Toronto.

¶ Carlos E. Allen Jr., 51, was appointed \$50,000 a year president of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank, succeeding Clifford Young, who retired earlier this year. His selection ended months of joint search by FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin and the Chicago district for a strong president capable of commanding the respect of affiliated bankers, yet not so independent-minded as to cause the Washington FRB difficulties. Illinois-born and Dartmouth-educated, Allen was president of Campbell, Wyant & Cannon Foundry Co. of Muskegon, Mich. which was acquired by Textron, Inc. this year.

¶ Raymond Edgar Rowland, 53, was elected president of Ralston Purina Co., succeeding Donald Danforth, who remains board chairman and chief executive officer of the world's largest feed manufacturer (annual sales: \$400 million). Born in Illinois, educated at the University of Wisconsin, Rowland is the first non-member of the Danforth family to head the firm in its 62 years. He joined Ralston as a salesman in 1926, by 1940 was special assistant to the production vice president, three years later himself became production vice president. Retiring President Danforth, son of the company founder, told employees that addition of new members to the board and election of new President Rowland was necessary because "we were in danger of becoming inbred."

Now Franklin offers you a *really* low cost plan

NO COST if death occurs before age 65

20% PREMIUMS RETURNED
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Annual Premium '280²⁰

*If you die at age 60, for example,
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plus return of all premiums 8,406
total 28,406*

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The King and I (20th Century-Fox) has already completed one cycle (from Margaret Landon's bestselling 1944 novel, *Anna and the King of Siam*, to the 1946 movie, starring Rex Harrison and Irene Dunne) and is now busily completing another (from Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1951 Broadway musical to the current film).

This fourth version of the dependable plot has no surprises. Deborah Kerr, who gets some dubbed-in help on the vocals from Marni Nixon, is both starchy and strong-minded as the British widow brought to Bangkok in the 1860s to teach English and the scientific method to the king's innumerable children. Yul Brynner, in a bare skull and bare feet, plays the Oriental potentate with the same mannered ferocity that he displayed on Broadway during the 1,246 performances of the play's run. About all that Hollywood has added are the production values of Cinemascope 35 and De Luxe color. Except for a few obviously toy boats in the opening shot, each scene appears built to a supercolossal scale, and the film's small passions are played out amid fountained gardens, marble audience halls, Lucullan bedrooms and latticed chambers.

The highest and best production number is the famed ballet representing a Siamese version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, choreographed by Jerome Robbins, and enchantingly danced by Yuriko and Marion Jim. *The King and I* moves along satisfactorily from spectacle to spectacle until the conclusion, when its message (democracy is good; slavery is bad) gets a truly pedestrian delivery at Yul Brynner's deathbed. But the jokes are pleasant, the children cute, and the songs, though familiar, have the springtime bounciness that mark Rodgers and Hammerstein's work.



YUL BRYNNER & DEBORAH KERR
Around on the second cycle.

Rififi (UMPO) contains a 30-minute stretch of wordless moviemaking that is one of the most engrossing sequences since the invention of talking pictures. A band of four international thieves plans the burglary of a Parisian jewelry store. They carefully case the shop, study the routine of the night watchman and other inhabitants of the block, buy an identical burglary alarm and painstakingly devise the best means of silencing it.

Not a word is spoken once the robbery is under way. Moving into an apartment above the store, they bind and gag the concierge and his wife, roll back the living-room rug and begin cutting through the concrete floor. When the hole is the width of a man's wrist, an umbrella is lowered through it and opened to catch the fragments of plaster as the gap is widened. Once in the store, the alarm is swiftly disconnected, the safe opened with an electric drill, and the loot removed. The entire operation simulates major surgery; there is the same mute reaching for instruments, the same intensity of purpose, the same growing strain as the operation approaches completion.

But once the burglary is over, Director-Writer Jules (The Naked City) Dassin's imagination fails him. The remainder of the film, with its routine kidnapping, love interest and gang war, seems to have been made by a sadly inferior second team. Jean Servais is coolly efficient as the criminal mastermind, and Carl Möhner and Robert Manuel play his talented assistants. Director-Writer Dassin is on-screen, too, as an imported Italian safecracker who brings a Latin flourish to his work. Perhaps Dassin spread himself too thin in the picture, but he gathers enough honors in his memorable silent sequence to satisfy most writers, directors and actors for a lifetime of work.

The Wild Oat (Corroll Pictures) is a baby boy, sown by a French soldier and reaped by a village belle of Provence. This wild oat is somewhat distinguished from the others in France's ever-normal granary by Fernandel, France's top comedian, playing the illegitimate tyke's paternal grandpa. As the headstrong village baker, Fernandel is volubly insistent that his son would never do such a thing, refuses to recognize the infant as a descendant.

The hamlet is thrown into civic war over the question of who's lying—Fernandel, who wasn't there and swears that his son wasn't either, or the unwed mother, who was there and moans that Fernandel's son was, too. Fernandel won't sell bread to his friends' turned foes, and the scenes swarm relentlessly, with so many Provencal provincials running around like so many Provencal provincials with their bread cut off. The effect might be funnier if time and France's postwar moviemakers had not made stereotypes of them all—the patriarchal mayor, the meddlesome postmaster, the hungry gendarmes, the omnipresent and omniscient priest.



FERNANDEL
Only until the next cycle.

In the end, Fernandel's honorable lad comes home from Algeria on leave and marries the girl, setting the villagers off on a grand, hatchet-burying celebration. Unfortunately and predictably, the era of goodwill is likely to last only until the next movie in the cycle sends them, with shrill Gallic cries, at each other's throats again.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab superbly harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale: with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

The Killing. Only cops and robbers, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 9).

The Swan. Grace Kelly in a royal courtship gets a witty assist from Actor Alec Guinness and Playwright Ferenc Molnar (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A war film with ideas that hit as hard as bullets: with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Forbidden Planet. Some fascinating gadgets and a robot butler make life in outer space seem even better than in split-level suburbia (TIME, April 9).

Richard III. Dirty work at the Tower of London, as reported by the propagandist pen of William Shakespeare and chillingly played by Sir Laurence Olivier. Supporting cast: Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Claire Bloom (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Master Criminal Alec Guinness, stumbling over the naïveté of sweet old Katie Johnson, drops the picture and the loot (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Holden hits a small Kansas town like a virile cyclone and devastates Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak and Susan Strasberg (TIME, Feb. 27).

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1932 The 247, first 3-mile a minute airliner, set basic design for all modern twin-engine transports.



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first in the air



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Here, climaxing an era of aviation achievement, you see America's first jet transport—along with other Boeings that have marked significant advances in aircraft performance.

Each is a product of imaginative Boeing design and efficient production. Behind each aircraft is a tradition of leadership that began 40 years ago this month, when Boeing was founded. During this span, Boeing created a succession of epoch-making aircraft.

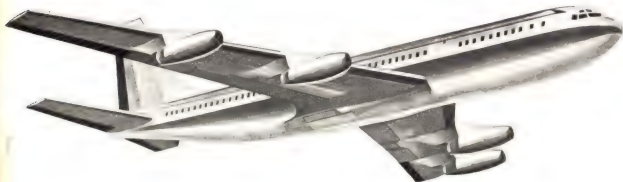
In Commercial Aviation—the pioneer 40-A; and the 247, first modern 3-mile-a-minute airliner; the 314 flying boat; the original Stratoliner, first pressurized transport; and the luxurious Stratocruiser, familiar around the world.

In Military Aviation—such trend-setting fighters as the PW-9; the revolutionary B-9 bomber, which could outspeed any contemporary fighter; the historic B-17 Flying Fortress and B-29 Superfort, culminating in today's revolutionary B-47 and B-52 multi-jet bombers.

And for Tomorrow—the 707 Commercial Jet Transport, the military KC-135 jet tanker-transport, and the defense weapons system based on BOMARC, Boeing's long-range, pilotless interceptor guided missile.

Boeing's 40-year tradition of leadership continues to help keep America first in the air.

BOEING



1956 The 707, America's first jet transport, ordered by eight airlines for delivery beginning late in 1958. Prototype holds transcontinental transport record: 5 hours, 58 minutes. KC-135 configuration will be world's first multi-jet aerial tanker.

BOOKS

Grey Flannel War

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER (373 pp.)—William Brinkley—Random House (\$3.95).

"I sing of arms and the man," wrote Virgil pointedly in *The Aeneid*. It remained for World War II to spawn the bards of basic training camps, staging areas, supply depots and paper-shuffling rear echelons. These latter-day laureates all agree that war gets funnier and funnier in direct proportion to its distance from the firing line, and sometimes prove it, e.g., See Here, Private Hargrove, Mister Roberts, No Time for Sergeants. Though it works harder for its laughs and gets

Navy enlisted man, dredges up a Neanderthal boatswain's mate named Farragut Jones who speaks basic English. All of it four-letter unprintables. Marblehead copes with a case of "ultimate fraternization" or "love—by that I mean plain, raw, unadulterated sex" between a yeoman and a nurse. He sits out an enlisted men's "mutiny" (they want 14 bottles of beer once a week, rather than two a day) and a correspondent's revolt (he wants his sheets changed every day), but almost founders under the first news of the atomic bomb ("That Air Force propaganda mill is really something to keep up with").

Author Brinkley, 38, himself a Navy veteran of both Mediterranean and Pa-

T. S. ELIOT: "What I like most about Eliot is that though one of his two hearts, the poetic one, has died and been given a separate funeral . . . he continues to visit the grave wistfully, and lay flowers on it."

W. H. AUDEN: "Auden's is now the prescribed period style of the fifties, compounded of all the personal styles available; but he no longer borrows whole lines, as for his first volumes, or even half-lines. It is a word here, a rhythm there, a rhetorical trope, a simile, an ingenious rhyme, a classical reference, a metrical arrangement."

DYLAN THOMAS: "He himself never pretended to be anything more than a young dog—witty, naughty, charming, irresponsible and impenitent. But he did give his radio-audience what they wanted."

To an anticipated objection that the critics cannot all be mistaken about Yeats,



THOMAS

POUND



T. S. ELIOT: United Press; Daniel Foy; Picture Post; Alfred Eisenstaedt; LIFE



AUDEN



YEATS

And also a sedulous ape:

fewer of them, *Don't Go Near the Water* may enjoy a like success. A Book-of-the-Month Club midsummer selection, this novel about a Navy public-relations crew stationed in the Pacific tickled Hollywood's fancy for a spectacular \$355,000 plus royalties, and is nicely timed to catch readers with their hammocks up and guards down.

To Clinton T. Nash, peacetime stockbroker and wartime executive officer of the Public Relations Section of ComFleets command, his job, his staff, and the tropical island of Tulara constitute the hub of the naval universe. On his desk rests a three-inch shell casing full of paper clips, and a sextant which he tries in vain to sight; over it hangs the sign, "Think Big!" Nicknamed "Marblehead" because he lacks more than hair, Nash affects British knee-length shorts, carries a swagger stick, and talks a strange mixture of adman and old salt ("My hatch is open for ideas").

His staff is more accustomed to pouring its big ideas down its collective hatch at the officers' club. Besides, his men suffer non-combat fatigue from squiring State-side VIPs around the island (their code word for the chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee is "God"). But with a wobbly assist now and then, Marblehead carries on. To give the home front "the little picture," he promotes what he calls a "Joe Blow of Kokomo" campaign to locate the typical young

cific campaigns and currently an assistant editor of LIFE, laces in an implausible South Pacific idyll between a Harvard man and a high-bred island girl named Melora. But at novel's end, old Marblehead is back at stage center, having finally mastered his sextant: "Really it's very simple, isn't it . . . unlike Public Relations. Why, any meathead could be a seagoing officer."

Graves & Scholars

THE CROWNING PRIVILEGE (311 pp.)—Robert Graves—Doubleday (\$5).

Ask a top prizefighter who his toughest opponents were, and he generally mentions a couple of obscure tankers. His peers he dismisses with an evasive shrug. The same weakness can apply to poets. At 60, Robert Graves has come to be recognized as one of the best English poets alive. In this collection of essays and lectures, he faintly praises some minor contemporaries, roundly damns the champs. Some dismissals:

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS: "Yeats's father once confided to my father: 'Willie has found a very profitable little by-path in poetry'; and this was fair enough."

ZEAL POUND: "Remove the layers and layers of cloacal ranting, snook-cocking, pseudo-professorial jargon and double-talk from Pound's verse, and what remains? Longfellow's plump, soft, ill-at-ease grand-nephew remains!"

Pound & Co., Graves retorts: "Why can't all the critics be wrong? Who decides on this year's skirt-length? Not the women themselves, but one or two clever man-milliners in the Rue de la Paix. Similar man-milliners control the fashions in poetry. There will always be a skirt-length."

Snipping gleefully at skirt-lengths of the past, Graves maintains that "the whole period between, say, Marvell and Blake was poetically barren." The two greats of the period, Dryden and Pope, he mercilessly unwaives: "[Dryden] earned the doubtful glory of having found English poetry brick and left it marble—native brick, imported marble." And Pope was a "sedulous ape." The 18th century fares little better. Wordsworth, according to Graves, "disowned and betrayed his Muse. Tennyson never had one, except Arthur Hallam,* and a Muse does not wear whiskers."

Graves's rules for deserving well of the Muse are many and various, but they boil down to three: be good, be honest, and be self-sufficient.

"I have never been able to understand the contention that a poet's life is irrelevant to his work . . . If it means that a poet may be heartless or insincere or grasping in his personal relations and yet write true poems, I disagree wholeheartedly."

* A close friend, inspired to the poet's sister, whose death at 23 ensured in *In Memoriam*.



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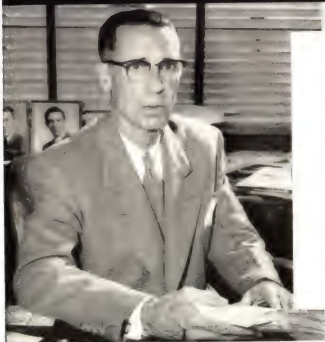
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ly... Though it may be argued that no acceptable code of sexual morals can be laid down for the poet, I am convinced that deception, cruelty, meanness, or any violation of a woman's dignity are abhorrent to the Goddess.

"Poets have aimed at two kinds of poetic fame: the first, contemporary fame, is suspect because it is commonly acquired by writing for the public, or for the representatives of the public, rather than for the Muse—that is to say for poetic necessity. The second, posthumous fame, is irrelevant... Any money paid for a poem should, I believe, be regarded as... an unexpected legacy from a distant relative, whose favor one has not courted and whose death one has not anticipated."

What does Graves himself do for money? The answer is that he supports himself by writing historical novels and think-pieces, such as the ones in this book. But if Graves's poems are too erudite and hard to appeal to a wide circle of readers, his think-pieces are too erudite and soft. Having a well-stocked mind, an even better-stocked library, and the habit of busy research, he serves up mountainous, cold hors d'oeuvres of odd information, often without acknowledgment to their source. Yet he can be stunningly original on occasion, producing theories that are often implausible, but always provocative. For instance, he describes King Arthur as "a counter-Christ, with twelve knights of the Round Table to suggest the Twelve Apostles, and with a Second Coming." As usual, Graves supports this notion with a scarcely more tenable one, couched in tones of utter assurance: "Jesus's grave warning that 'he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword' was read as a joyful reassurance to the true knight that if he always observed the code of chivalry he would die gloriously in battle...."

But these are the crotchets of an intense and sometimes magnificent old penman. At his best, in novels, essays and poems alike, Graves can shake and bend the mind as a fresh wind bends the trees. Unlike the poets he tilts at, Graves may never become a monument. That is all right with him. "To evoke posterity," he has written, "is to weep on your own grave...."

And the punishment is fixed:

To be found fully ancestral,

To be cast in bronze for a city square,

To dribble green in times of rain

And stain the pedestal.

Love Set

THE RED ROOM (247 pp.)—Françoise Mallet-Joris—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy \$3.50.

L'amour is the French national game, and the French novel is a handbook and guide to its fine points. These are at least as intricate as the fine points of, say, lawn tennis, though perhaps not quite as wholesome. One of the most elegant sportswriters of *L'amour* is a 26-year-old Flemish-born Parisian housewife and mother named Françoise Mallet-Joris. In



FRANÇOISE MALLET-JORIS
Initials in a lover's hide.

The Illusionist (TIME, Oct. 13, 1952) she told the strange story of a 15-year-old girl who fell in love with her father's mistress. In *The Red Room* she picks up the same characters two years later for the second set of this oddly played love match.

At the end of *The Illusionist*, the novel's red-headed heroine Hélène Noris is defeated when Papa Noris marries her Lesbian seductress Tamara in an effort to still the village gossips. As *The Red Room* begins, the trio is still under the same roof in the same Flemish provincial town, but the passion between the two women has cooled into ashes of distaste. The ashes are stirred by Jean Delfau, a wealthy set designer who has come from Paris to help Papa Noris put a little theatrical glamour into his mayoralty campaign. Tamara promptly puts her overripe charms at Jean's disposal, and Hélène just as promptly decides to steal Jean from her simply for revenge.

She does, but her spitefire independence ("Do not let me bend my head. O God, ever") turns their love affair into a contest of wills. Jean is an urbane Don Juan, and Hélène wants to scratch her initials in his hide so deeply that they will never heal. Yet even as their love grows in intensity and understanding, they are not above betraying each other with other lovers.

What keeps *The Red Room* from becoming a sexual saturnalia is that it traces the contours of the heart as well as the flesh. Colette-like in its rhythms, Author Mallet-Joris' prose moves in sensuous counterpoint between "beauty, cruelty, voluptuousness and suffering, all equally delicious." What is not delicious about Hélène and what finally destroys her relationship with Jean is her feral determination to belong only to herself. Outwardly unmarred but inwardly depraved,



John J. McCloy, Chairman of the Board, The Chase Manhattan Bank, has served his country with distinction as Assistant Secretary of War (1941-45)... as President of the World Bank (1945-49)... as first civilian U.S. High Commissioner for Germany (1949-52).

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by **JOHN J. McCLOY**

Former U. S. High Commissioner for Germany

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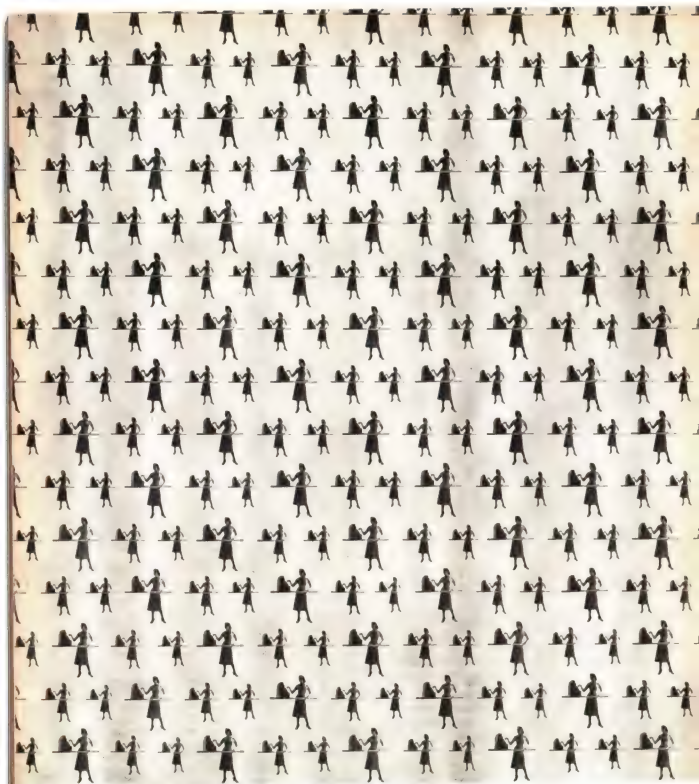
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John J. McCloy

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she is a female Dorian Gray. But even with an unbeautiful soul, the game of love is scarcely over at 18, and with her penchant for sequels, Author Mallet-Joris may yet salvage *Helène* in time to win some future match.

Giant Dwarf

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (277 pp.)—Lawrence & Elisabeth Hanson—Random House (\$5).

In the 50 years while impressionist art was becoming a commonplace of the U.S. home, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec has passed through all stages in opinion from monster to master.

The Counts of Toulouse ruled Southern France for centuries, but nothing



TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
From a broken blade, a sharp cut.

in the life of his heroic forebears became the Toulouses so much as the gallantry with which the disfigured dwarf made of himself a gay, broken blade in Paris. He never developed the cripple's defense mechanism of a sweet nature; instead he swaggered through the world on toddler's legs. He drank big men under tables as high as his proud chin. When he closed his eyes, he experienced the horrors of alcoholic hallucination, but with his eyes open, Count Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec saw with a savage clarity that has forced his special vision of his age on succeeding generations.

Born with a malady that left his bones tragically brittle, Henri crippled himself in a childhood fall. His sporting father, the bewiskered and kilted Count, was so annoyed that he all but disowned him. But Henri became a living legend in Paris of the '90s. He was a fan of the cycle tracks (making a midjet velodrome of his garden paths, on which he pedaled madly with his toy legs), the horse tracks, brothels, Lesbian joints and cafés. Out of frustrated love for the world of theater and



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the drama of the abdication



For the first time, in July *McCall's*, the Duchess of Windsor reveals in her own words the dramatic story of her desperate effort to prevent a king from giving up his throne for her love. This is the thrilling climax of *The Autobiography of the Duchess of Windsor*, exclusively in *McCall's*.

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action denied him by his deformity, he created the art of the poster, celebrating popular idols in designs exquisitely executed on stone.

Not a great painter, he was a master draftsman. Even in the madhouse, he drew a set of circus pictures with a ringmaster's eye for a false move. His latest biographers (husband-and-wife team of Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson, who have also done Gauguin and Van Gogh) have sketched a watercolor rather than a lithograph. But they are at pains to correct the legend fixed in the movingie imagination by Actor José Ferrer in *Moulin Rouge* of pet and amateur pimp to the madams and sporting types of Montmartre. Dwarfed Henri was not a refugee from a name-proud sporting family; he was indeed a proud son of the house of Toulouse, determined to carry his family name into the only field his deformities of mind and body left open to him. To the end he used his stylus like a lance and his mahlstick like a mace.

Mild & Bitter

THE DAFFODIL SKY (256 pp.)—H. E. Bates—Little, Brown (\$3.50).

Like the clipped and guarded conversations overheard on British trains, the short stories of H. E. Bates are calculated to baffle the eavesdropper.

Long acknowledged as a master craftsman in an exacting trade, Bates writes with an English sense of place and social pattern; his prose often carries the gleam of England's pale sunlight. The title story is a neatly cut account of murder, told obliquely and in retrospect. A farmer kills the man he suspects of seducing his bride. Returning home after serving his sentence, the farmer finds his daughter now almost the same age his wife had been when he killed her lover. Slowly, and by indirection, the reader becomes aware that the daughter, too, could be seduced, and the pattern repeated.

In story after story, the cut of the waistcoat or the shape of a vowel is used—as it can be used only in a caste-conscious country—to indicate character. The U.S. reader may be baffled by the careful way in which, in *The Evolution of Saxby*, Bates makes clear that Saxby is the sort of man who, if it were not wartime, would be wearing a rosebud in his buttonhole. But a dozen other tales—of love glimpsed suddenly across a roomful of dreadful people, of a glint of bitterness in an ill-mated couple on a journey, of remembered death—have power to move the heart.

Yet the stories have the disappointment of an interrupted journey. Bates remains faithful to the British conviction that, while it is interesting to hear things about one's neighbors, it doesn't do to get too close to them.

"How do you do?" asks one Englishman of another. "How do you do?" answers the other. They are not questions, and yet a writer, who is both introducer and the introduced, must try to answer them. Bates never does.

MISCELLANY

Voter's Choice. In Montreal, after being ticketed for failing to signal a left turn, a motorist explained to the cops that it was all because of the provincial elections: "I was afraid that if I put my hand out the window some candidate would run over and shake it."

Too Many Croutons? In Malibu, Calif., arrested in the fashionable Holiday House restaurant after pulling a knife on Chef Carlos Hernandez, slashing the wrist of a dishwasher, hurling a pot of hot coffee that struck a second dishwasher, Waiter John C. Burton explained to police that he was upset over the way Hernandez was mixing a Caesar salad.

Anxious to Please. In Barcelona, Spain, the local papers carried a classified ad: "Intelligent servant seeks house with small family, no children, preferably with couple, if they are responsible, trustworthy and in good health. Prefer place outside Barcelona in mountains with pine forest, at altitude 600 to 800 meters. Don't know how to cook, preferable if housewife does cooking."

Timber Topper. In Jacksonville, figuring it was only a matter of time before a large, diseased magnolia tree in his yard would fall on the house, Walter Rivers hired a crane to uproot it, watched murely as the crane slipped, sent the tree crashing through his roof.

Spare. In Cleveland, Frank T. Doane, 43, asked the Court of Common Pleas to order his wife not to bowl more than one night a week, complained that she considers herself too expert to play with him and that she spends four nights a week in the alleys, driven by the "unreasonable obsession" that she will one day be national women's champion.

Spectator Sport. In Chicago, after detectives uncovered a .44-caliber revolver, 100 bullets, eleven daggers, three switchblade knives, lock-picking tools, a lock puller and a tear-gas gun in the back of his car, Harry Owens explained: "My hobby is shooting. I throw daggers and knives to amuse myself. I studied lock-smithing, and I like to watch people cry."

The Power of Positive Suggestion. In Fargo, N. Dak., minutes after Mrs. Garner Halvorson had finished singing "Bless these walls, so firm and stout" in the Plymouth Congregational Church, the plaster fell from the walls and part of the basement ceiling crashed to the floor.

Point of View. In Plainview, Tex., after she was ticketed for backing out of a parking space into an oncoming car, Housewife Sarah Ona Baxter told the judge: "I think it's a crying shame that you give me a ticket and not the man I hit. He could see me backing out a lot better than I could see him."

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2. "That arrow had a razor blade on each side of its regular broadhead tip. A hit would mean a quick and merciful kill. My first shot missed, or so I thought, but as I fitted a second arrow, the hartebeest dropped in its tracks.



3. "A clean kill, M'sieu!" Yves Guerin, my white hunter, was plainly impressed. So was I. The hartebeest weighed nearly half a ton. Its giant lyre-shaped horns measured over 4 feet long. And, of course, I had the satisfaction of knowing I'd got my trophy the hard way.



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